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"Blood is blood which circulates"
"Life is life which generates"

The Coming Light

Rays of Truth in New Form

A Monthly Magazine Devoted to Higher Thinking, Higher Living, and a Higher Social Order

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To Raise Mankind, From Animalism to Godhood. From Limitation to Liberty. And in every way to assist Individual and Social Development.

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In our next issue we will have for our frontispiece the potrait of Louise L. Matthews, S. D. Also an excellent article from her pen entitled "Desiring that which is Good"

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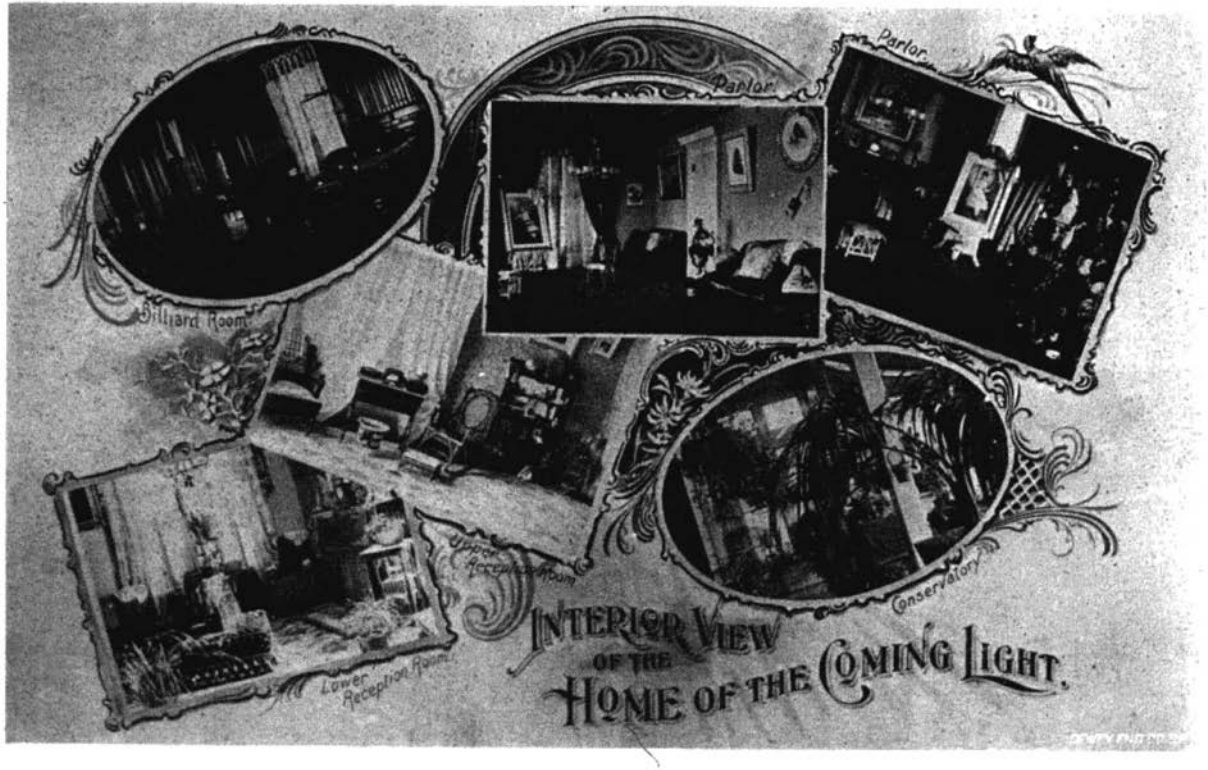
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Rev. W. D. P. Bliss.

The Coming Light

VOL. 2. DECEMBER, 1897. NO. 1

THE COMING FREEDOM.

REV. W. D. P. BLISS.

"SOCIETY can not be made new by arrangements, but must be regenerated by finding the law and ground of its order and harmony, the only secret of its existence in God," so fifty years wrote the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the founder of Christian Socialism. The words are profoundly true, though possibly not in the exact sense in which he wrote them. If Socialism be, as many think, a mere matter of arrangement, a mechanism of human government, a regimentation of man by men, Socialism will neither live nor deserve to live. Nations cannot be saved by machinery, nor men be made holy (whole) by legislation. Man cannot live "by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Anarchy plus life is better than a Socialism that is a machine, that does not live, that is still-born.

But as Maurice saw, Socialism is not a matter of arrangements. It is not a matter of governments, it is not the regimentation of man by men. Socialism is born of the life of God; only as

Maurice perhaps did not clearly see, the life of God is but another name for the life of man, and there is no God save the Man in men. Socialism means the collective man. It is born of the life which is the love of the universe.

This can be readily seen. Socialism as defined by all authorities is co-operative—universal co-operation. It is not the co-operation of little communities or faddists, or sects. These little co-operative groups may be important and necessary steps towards Socialism. They may be stars of the morning studding the blackness of competition's night, but Socialism is cosmic, it is the harmony of all the spheres, the music of all the stars. It is universal life.

Hence we see it, nascent at least in the primal status of the world, and we trace it through evolution rising into clearer and clearer forms. It was the spirit of God, the quickening fecunding love, which the Hebrew poem of the Book of the Beginnings tells us moved upon the face of the waters. It was the Force, which science tells us first made two atoms of the primal nebula leap into each others arms and of their wedlock beget the evolution of the universe. The flower, Drummond tells us, is a miracle of co-operation. Men are born of society, not society of men, Krapotkine and others have shown. "Association," says Giddings, "more extended, more intimate, more varied in its phases than the association practiced by inferior species, was the chief cause of the mental and moral dovelopment and the anatomical modifications that transformed a subhuman species into man." Darwin says, "Those communities which include the greatest number of the most sympathetic members flourish best." Socialism or co-operation thus is not the device of Owen or Fourier, or Marx or Bellamy. It is the life of the cosmos. It is the white harmony of the infinite vibrations of universal life.

But Socialism to be this must be true Socialism, and not what masks as such. Socialism is not paternalism, not even a divine paternalism. Socialism is fraternalism, it is the co-operative will. It is not God's law for man. It is man's life with God, in other words it is man's life in man. If it be true that God created man, it is also true that man creates God. If man be the noblest work

of God, it is also true that God is the noblest work of man. The problem of humanity is to create God. Evolution is God in man becoming man in God. Society makes man and man makes the higher society. Life is process from love to life and from life to love. Hence merely to expand a paternal, an autocratic, a plutocratic government is not Socialism. For Uncle Sam to own the railroads and for J. Pierrepont Morgan to own Uncle Sam is not Socialism. For women to cast a ballot and for men to purchase those who are elected is not Socialism. For the city to employ the weak, and the corporations to employ the strong is not Socialism. Socialism is utter democracy, the collective rule of collective men and women. It is the sovereignity of men and women, only it finds their sovereignity not in individualism but in unity.

Once again Socialism is not charity. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to employ the unemployed is not Socialism. Socialism will do all this, yet Socialism is not associated charity conducted by a government. It is associated justice. Socialists therefore, as Socialists, are not interested in charities. They would make charity unnecessary. At present relief is necessary, and it doubtless is the duty of every socialist to give all the charity he or she possibly can, yet Socialism is not charity. Charity is aiding those who have fallen by the wayside or among thieves. It is the Song of the Open Road.

We can now see that Socialism is the Coming Freedom. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, was the cry of the 18th century. It declared the doctrine of the rights of man. Its theory of the State was the coming together of Sovereign individuals. It was tried in France in the Revolution, and has been most developed in the United States. What has been the result? For Liberty France gained Napoleon; for Equality, Cynicism, for Fraternity, Lust. How with the United States? For liberty we have J. Pierrpont Morgan, Mark Hanna, and government by injunction. For Equality we have a greater difference between our millionaires and our paupers than in any other country in the world. For Fraternity we have the aristocracy of the 400 and the class consciousness of the Socialist Labor Party, the boycot and the lockout. By their fruits ye shall judge them. Starting from the liberty of the individual, we have

not gained either liberty, equality, or fraternity. We have not in fact and we can not in theory. Men and women as they appear upon this earth are not equal in ability. The theory of competition with favor for none and equal opportunities for all implies equality between the competitors. But when, as in life, the competitors are not equal, favor for none and equal opportunity for all means and must mean the survival of the strongest, who are not of necessity the best, but only the strongest on the plane in which the struggle takes place. The struggle to-day being mainly industrial (and while we have human bodies the first struggle must take place on physical lines) the result is the survival of the sharpest. Thus competition with favor for none and equal opportunity for all means the coronation of King Mammon and the slavery of those who love. Fact and theory are in harmony. Says Plato, "From excessive liberty—industrial liberty or anarchy—tyranny springs as certainly as a tree from its roots."

Socialism is the opposite of this. Its cry is not Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, but the reverse, first Fraternity, then (a vital, not a mechanical) Equality. Thus, it asserts, shall we gain Liberty. Not by striving in economic battle even with equal opportunity of education and equal access to land shall man be free; but by co-operation on material plane shall man rise into freedom to develop art science, religion, beauty, truth, the infinite life, God. It is the secret of the universe, the essence of all religions, the life of the life in man. Moses and Christ, Plato and Guatama, Socrates and Swedenborg, all have taught the same. History is but philosophy, teaching by example. And it is coming Herbert Spencer, the severest critic of Socialism, who, carried away by a theory of competition, thinks Socialism slavery, calls it the *coming* slavery. It is coming in the municipalism of England, in the naturalized railroads of Europe, in the land legislation of New Zealand, in the Referendum and initative of Switzerland, in the woman's suffrage movement and the new political parties of the United States. It is coming above all in the ideals and hearts of the people. It comes by unrest which seeks rest. It is a spirit movement. There is activity in heaven. The new army is issuing from the spirit gates, a new cry pulses in the air. A new life

witnesses to a new age. For seventeen years or thereabouts Socialism has been growing dominantly spiritual.

Even the foes of Socialism are working for it. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The displays of wealth, the audacity of power, the purchase of votes, the sale of justice, the very corruption of government, all are working for the advance of Socialism, driving men toward the co-operative commonwealth, the people's monopoly, the purity of a government where the people rule. There is ozone in the air. It is daybreak everywhere.

The writer of this article therefore asks all who believe on these lines and would work with this power, to unite with the organization which he believes represents these ideas, seeking to bring for man and for woman, for adult and for child, for worker and for idler, for man of money and for woman of shame, freedom, the Coming Freedom. He asks all neither to applaud nor to smile, neither to watch others nor wait till all is done, but now themselves to work with the Union Reform League.

FREEDOM.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ONCE I wished I might rehearse
Freedom's poem in my verse,
That the slave who caught the strain
Should throb until he snapped his chain.
But the spirit said, "Not so:
Speak it not, or speak it low;
Name not lightly to be said,
Gift too precious to be prayed,
Passion not to be expressed
But by heaving of the breast;
Yet,—wouldst thou the mountain find
Where this deity is shrined,
Who gives to seas and sunset skies
Their unspent beauty of surprise,
And, when it lists him, waken can
Brute or savage into man,
Or, if in thy heart he shine,
Blends the starry fates with thine,
Draws angels nigh to dwell with thee,
And makes thy thoughts archangels be;
Freedom's secret wilt thou know?—
Counsel not with flesh and blood:
Loiter not for cloak or food;
Right thou feelest, rush to do."

THE DEFEAT OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN CALIFORNIA.

ALICE MOORE M'COMAS.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, on leaving the Pacific Coast, last November, after the defeat of the woman suffrage constitutional amendment, remarked, "Never was there a more dignified campaign. Nowhere are there finer women or better workers than the women of California," and she was eminently correct in this statement.

While the country at large considers woman suffrage defeated in California, there are many details in the history of our campaign that make the defeat almost a victory. California gave the largest vote ever cast in any State campaign for woman suffrage. Outside of the counties of Oakland and San Francisco the amendment polled a splendid vote.

Remembering that this State wields the highest commercial and political influence of any Western State, and that from the very nature of its population and industries it would be considered very difficult to carry for woman suffrage, we do not regard the present defeat as a disaster, but a most excellent proof of progress. We have met the enemy face to face, and though "we are his" for the time being, we rejoice that we have reached a point from which we are able to know just where this enemy is located, and that we are fighting a thoroughly organized force whose ways are dark, whose deeds are evil; that no longer are we fighting the intangible traditions of by-gone ages. Another gratifying fact is that the expense of our campaign was borne by the people of the State, that it closed without debt and with enough funds on hand to continue the work for an indefinite time. Over fifteen thousand dollars were raised by the women of California—many of whom practiced the utmost self-denial in order to contribute time and money to the cause they love.

To the last hour before election we had every hope of victory. Three political parties had endorsed the amendment in their State platforms in response to the largest petition ever presented in any State—signed by our best men and women—and the fourth party, the Democratic, showed us extreme friendliness throughout the campaign and proved a good friend on election day. While only two newspapers, one in San Francisco and one in Los Angeles, came out against us—I do not give their names, knowing the notoriety they crave—three hundred others gave us generous space and splendid editorials, the San Francisco Call leading. All the other papers in the State—including the two above mentioned—gave space for the discussion of the amendment, the Los Angeles Herald being the first to open its columns.

Our most experienced workers say that in no State has there ever been a more systematic and practical campaign, and never has there been a more general interest among women. Especially was this shown in Southern California where the work was done by the local housewives who well understood the temper of their own men.

In Los Angeles county, where the work was best organized, the women who had been the most zealous in carrying the question before the legislature that submitted the resolution to amend the constitution, resented the idea of handing over the management of the campaign to Eastern women—"professional propogandists," as they are called—women who did not and could not in their short stay among us understand the men of our State who said: "If the women of California want the ballot *they* should work for it." Hence Los Angeles county housewives and home-makers did their own campaign work. Result: Los Angeles county cast the largest favorable vote in the State, giving a majority of 3596—Los Angeles city gave 982 majority—a very large majority considering the fact that the average voter pays little or no attention to constitutional amendments. The nine counties of Southern California gave good majorities, but these would have been much larger had they organized with Los Angeles county—this they now realize. If this State were divided, of which there is always a probability, "South California" would add the next star to the woman's flag.

The vote in round numbers stood, finally, 80,000 for the amendment, 62,000 against, outside of San Francisco and Oakland, which gave 29,000 against. This defeated the amendment. What furnished the majority? Party prejudice, but principally the interests of the liquor traffic, because it was believed that woman's ballot would injure this trade. About a month before election a "Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealers' and Brewers' League" was formed in San Francisco, composed of seven organizations numbering 5000 proprietors in the liquor trade who, with their employees had a voting strength of 14,000. These acting as a unit concentrated all their forces to defeat the amendment. Printed circulars urging friends and patrons to "*Vote 'No' On Woman Suffrage*" were sent broadcast over the State. They held the balance of power. Through them trades were made for McKinley votes. The proof we have of this latter fact is that in Alameda county, which gave the largest vote for McKinley, woman suffrage received the smallest.

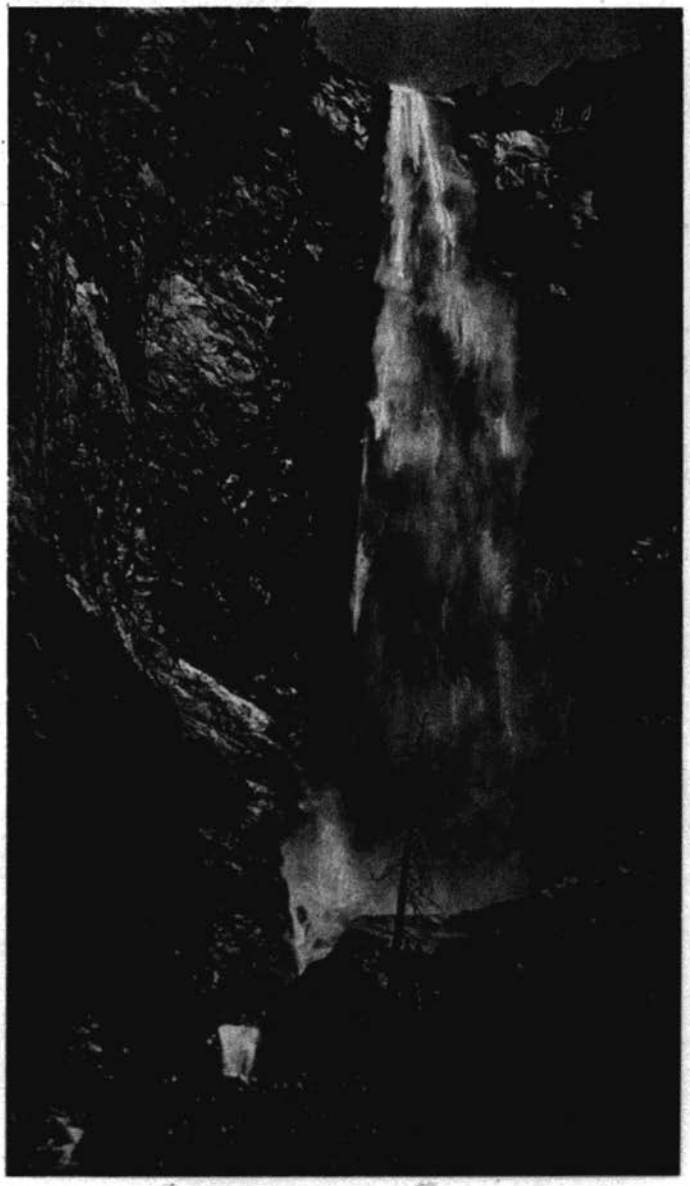
Thus the better element of the proud State of California has the humiliation of seeing her intelligent women denied political rights—for they made a brave fight, but for which they could not cast a ballot—by an element that is against good government, against the purity of the home, and whose interests are against those who would protect society. Another self evident fact is that every precient where the ignorant foreign element predominated; the largest vote was cast against the amendment. When will Americans come to see that the intelligent American woman's vote is better than that of the ignorant foreigner?

* * * * * * *

But we are not cast down. The 80,000 voters who stood by the amendment on election day are now our strong companions. They are indignant, as they now recognize the power that defeated us; they see that the remedy lies in reaching the 62,000 voters outside of San Francisco—many of whom voted in ignorance of the merits of the question.

Although millions of suffrage leaflets were circulated and hundreds of meetings were held, we know there was not enough educational work done. We can, now, plainly see what is to be done.

Resting in the thought that "although barbarism may at times clog the wheels of progres it cannot permanently stop them," we feel certain that in a year of less political excitement than the one just closed, California will recognize the full political rights of her women.

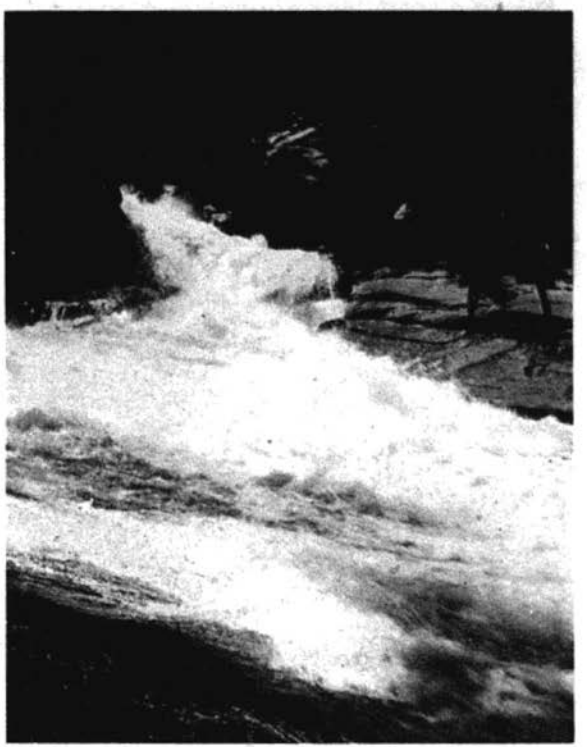


BRIDAL VEIL FALLS. From "Yosemite as I saw it."



VIEW FROM EAGLE PEAK.

From the Yosemite as I saw it.



SILVER APRON CASCADE.

PERILS WHICH MENACE PRESENT CIVILIZATION.

PROF. J. S. LOVELAND.

The CIVILIZATION of to-day is the child of former times modified by the progressive evolution of humanity. It is the blending of the elements of past experiences with those born in the consciousness of modern times. It is a composite. The thought of Egypt, Persia, Palestine, Greece, Rome and Arabia are blended in the civilization of the present. We must also allow modifications from the Teutonic, Gothic and Celtic barbarianism of Europe.

The factors of civilization are: (1) Science, (2) Art, (3) Philosophy, 4 Religion.

SCIENCE—Knowledge is the first step, the primary factor in civilization. Science, in its broadest sense, includes education. Man must learn, must know something, before he can advance one step towards a civilized condition. Increase in the knowledge of nature's forces is progress in civilization. It is the subjection of nature's energies to human control and use—seating man on the throne instead of the footstool. The process is briefly this: Man has sensation inducing perception, which is knowledge of the cause of sensation. Mental concept or idea is the outcome or result of sensation and perception. We have then (1) Things, (2) Qualities, (3) Uses or Actions, (4) Relations, (5) Reasoning, (6) Influences, (7) Theories—systems of philosophy, religion and governments. All these experiences have taught man something which will be abidingly valuable.

ART follows and accompanies science. Art is the use or application of knowledge for the gratification of physical or mental needs. The mechanical arts include all the inventions by which, through the use of tools and machinery, man derives his living from the earth and sea.

The fine arts are those which gratify the sense of beauty whether in statuary, painting, music or literature. Our enumeration might be thought incomplete unless we include the "art of war," but we hope that it will soon be one of "the lost arts" never to be revived.

PHILOSOPHY is the deduction of the principles which underlie all Science, Art or Religion. Science is the Analysis, Philosophy the synthesis of things.

RELIGION may be said to be included in philosophy. It deals with basic forces or principles. It assumes to deal with the origin of the Universe, and of man's relations to the Originator, and his obligations thereto. Religion has been a potent influence upon civilization as a modifier—partially a promoter, and largely as an opposer and destroyer. It is not germain to the purpose of this article to give even an epitome of the progress of civilization. It would require a volume.

THE PERILS OF CIVILIZATION.

The main object of this article is to point out the perils which threaten the overthrow of present progress, and the return of partial barbarism. The signs of the time are confessedly ominous and threatening. But, if we are to experience another period analogous to the Dark Ages, it will not be from the same causes and conditions. In some particulars there may be, indeed there are some analogous conditions. But in others there is no resemblance. There is nothing comparable to the slavery of ancient Rome in our institutions. We have an odious slavery, but the difference between it and Rome is heaven wide. Rome did not have that strong middle class, which is numerous in our midst. The slaves of Rome could not vote; ours can. Hers had no rights; ours have many if they will use them. The slaves of Rome had no traditions of liberty as we have. Our moral degradation is appalling, but it bears no comparison to that of Rome. We are not exposed to the conquering hosts of Goths and Vandals as was Rome.

The civilization of to-day will not go down as the result of barbarian conquests. Its perils are not from without but from within. There are no Attilas or Alarics to capture our cities and subjugate the people. The destructive element must be found in

some of the factors of civilization itself. But before we submit those factors to a crucial analysis, let us first define the peril. It is individual selfishness controlling the government functions of society. The government is run by mammon. Of course, we must admit the general selfishness of mankind. But when it stands upon common ground, one form of selfishness balances another. The danger comes when one form secures control of government functions. That is the predicament of modern civilization. The greed for gain controls the governments of the world to-day. The legislation is in the interest of the money owning class. Executive and judicial power seems to be hopelessly mortgaged to and controlled by the money owners. Special privileges are showered upon the wealthy class with a lavish hand, while the laboring—the producing class—are treated in a most parsimonious manner. Selfishness rules in all departments of modern government.

Now, let us analyze the factors of civilization, and ascertain where the defect exists. It certainly cannot exist in Science or Art. Neither can it be found primarily in philosophy. We are forced then to find it in religion. And, by religion, I do not mean some fine spun theory evolved from the modern brain, but I mean what has been taught and practiced in the ages past both by the Jewish and Christian organizations. Only one feature is necessary to show the root of the evil, and that feature is *partialism*. This is the distinguishing characteristic of both the religions of the Bible. The Jewish nation was elected, without any reference to any superiority over other nations, to be the special favorite of Deity. God became their special friend and the implacable enemy of all other people. His special blessings were showered on them, and other nations were left unblest. Christianity intensifies the partialism of the Jews. The election of the Jews was to blessings of a worldly character, but the Christian election, made before the world was, included a certain number of men and angeles, foreordained to eternal life, and the rest passed by and left to eternal punishment in hell. The elect constitute a very small portion of the race. As Jesus said, it is a "little flock" to whom it is the "father's good pleasure to

give the kingdom." Partialism—Favoritism—is the special characteristic of the Bible and the Bible religions. Jesus was no exception to this rule. He had chosen a "few" out of the vast multitudes. The road to life was narrow—few walked therein—while the road to death was wide and many walked therein. Eternal life was not a natural result of right living, but a gift of grace. Not a hint in all the book that man has any innate or inherent rights. All he has is a gift, bestowed entirely independent of any deserving on his part. Human governments were patterned after the Divine or Theocratic. The ruler represented the Deity. He was anointed by him. He was King "by the grace of God." The land, the flocks, all belonged to God, and he demanded what he pleased to keep up his worship and support his priests, his kings and their retinue. He conferred place and privilege on whom he chose. Here we find the root cause of the distinction of conditions existing in human society. Justice does not enter, as a factor, into the religions of the Bible. It is Bible religion to pay the same wage for one hour's work as for twelve. It is no wonder that selfish man, finding that personal caprice instead of Justice was the rule of the Divine government, should seek by all means to conform all human governments to the Divine model. This method has been most successfully carried out, not only by monarchies but by so-called republics. There is probably no nation on earth where the favoritism of special privileges is more general than in our own. Nowhere else is the government of individual selfishness more rampant than here, where the people are supposed to rule. A government by representation, upon any existing method, is proven a failure, so far as securing the rights of the people is concerned. Individual selfishness secures the predominant representation, and the people are crushed. The most widely exercised liberty, is the privilege of combining in trusts, corporations, syndicates, etc., for despoiling the people, who are ruthlessly shot or bayoneted if they protest against the robbers. Property, no matter how obtained, is made more sacred than the lives and liberties of men. Public office is sought for the salary affixed, and for the chances of robbing the people in various other ways. Millions are expended to secure important offices, and the passage of

laws, securing special privileges to the donors, rewards the contributors to these corrupt electioneering funds.

Individual selfishness is thus enthroned as the law making power. And to complete and strengthen the binding chain of subjugation religion comes in and pronounces the law a holy thing, and transgression, or refusal of obedience to the same a sin against God, for "the powers that be are ordained of God." Submission to the same is a most sacred duty. Patience and quiet endurance of the wrong are among the greatest virtues. In whatsoever condition we are placed to "learn therewith to be content," is a high condition of Christian excellence. In monarchical countries the *lese majestice* is an odious crime. We have refined upon that religious concept of tyranny by giving it a more enlarged application. Here a moral pigmy issues an injunction against one man or a thousand, and, if disregarded, he pronounces them guilty of "contempt of court," that is of his august person, and without any statute having been violated, or conviction by a jury of their peers, he condemns and punishes them of his own sweet will. This ominous fact, taken in connection with the farther one that these same judges determine the validity of every law, and the meaning of the constitution itself—the basic authority for all law, discloses the alarming fact that our government is a judicial despotism—the most detestable of all forms of tyranny. Judges are lawyers, and lawyers are largely the paid agents, or tools of the Trusts and Syndicates. Lawyers, not only "practice law," but they *make* the laws—they are the principal legislators in our congress. Think of it, the paid tools of corporations making laws by which those corporations are to be governed. Worse still, not a few of them are members of those selfish aggregations of men and money, and make the laws in favor of their own selfish interests, and then put themselves upon the judicial throne to determine the mode of executing the corrupt statutes they have framed! And the people! What shall the people do in such a contingency? Oh! be content. In whatsoever condition you find yourself, learn therein to be content. That is the teaching of our religion. "Art thou called being a slave care not for it," is the infamous doctrine taught the people by assumed inspiration from God.

But the most gloomy portent—the blackest cloud obscuring the firmament of human hope with deadliest menace to onward progress, is the general immoralism of the people. Our moral codes have come from our religions. Moral obligation has been made to depend upon the will or law of God revealed through books to man. The new ethics of altriuism has obtained but a limited influence in modern society. Two thousand years of heredity is a fearful incubus upon the energies of humanity, and not easily thrown aside.

The whole substance of this vicious immoralism can be summed up in this single sentence, SOMETHING FOR NOTHING. The practical concensus of human thought is, that something for nothing is absolutely right. It is the moral code of the world's business to-day. All profits in trade—all interest taking—all rents above the waste of use, and all forms of speculative gain are the many ways by which all classes manifest their approval of the business code. The working classes are as positive in endorsing it as the plutocrat in his palace. Hence, the people are handicapped in their war with capitalists, for they endorse the principle which underlies all the methods of capitalistic exploitation of labor. The essential difference in the two classes is that one is successful and the other is not.

Now, the fundamental falsehood in this immoral moralism is founded in the central doctrine of the church—"Grace." Catholic and Protestant alike proclaim that all the good bestowed on man is an undeserved favor. All the good he does or can receive, in time or eternity, is the free, undeserved gift of God—It is something for nothing. And in the bestowment of those goods he is prompted by no considerations of merit or worthiness on the part of the recipients. The one hour man receives the same as the twelve hour man. Favor instead of merit is the church doctrine, through and through. Charity instead of Justice has been preached for nineteen centuries. And when Justice has been mentioned it has been in the sense of vengeance. With a system of favoritism, miscalled religion, embodying the gross immoralism of something for nothing how could it be possible for man in his relations with his fellows, not to embody the same vicious principle. He

could do no other way, and as the inevitable result, from the pulpits of Christendom—from the platform of the politician, from the bench of the judges, and from the turmoil of the stock board, the same destructive vice is sanctioned and advocated. Here is the terrible danger. Our religion and our moral system is false, and our government, issuing therefrom, is corrupt and struck with a deadly disease. Our physicians seek to cure by giving that which caused the disease, but in allopathic doses, and the patient staggers under the poisonous drugs. What shall we do to be saved? Where is the leader to go before us? Where is the road out of this land of gloom and death? Neither the strength of armies, nor the power of gold can save us. No triumph of Democrat or Republican party can avert the peril. One thing alone can do it, and that is SIMPLE HONESTY. Enthrone honesty in church—State—the marts of trade, and the social life, and the world is saved.

THE LILLY'S ANSWER.

A pool of water pure as dew
Amid the rushes shone,
And there a snow white lilly sat,
Upon her crystal throne;
The halo of the setting sun
Glanced through her milky wings,
She seemed to be aside from all
The dark decaying things;
But through the odors that arose
From vapors damp with death
My grateful senses caught the strength
And sweetness of her breath.

Oh, saintly lilly of the pool!
How sad thy lot must be
To blossom in the dreary marsh,
Where none may worship thee;
And living 'mid the deadness keep
Thyself from stains apart,
Where only pitying sunbeams smile,
To light thy golden heart!
The blushing lilly answered me:
"Distress thyself no more,
Since he who made me hath a boon
To bless the lonelinest shore.

I came from him whose myriad pearls,
So hard to seek or save,
Are sparkling in serenest hue
Beneath the secret wave.
Why should I care for earthly praise,
Or covet earthly crown?
He never doth forget to send
Far holier blessings down.
To him I lift my stainless hands,
And breathe my odorous prayer,
And am infilled from shower or sun,
And bathed with balmy air.

My summer life must pass away
From beauteous things apart,
A symbol pure of what lies deep
In many a sinful heart.
The seeds of sin may rankly grow,
The clouds may darkly gloom,
They shall not have the power to blast
The hidden lilly bloom.
There's not a soul so dead, and cold,
So smothered under woe,
But that at last its hope shall spring,
Its flower divine shall blow.

Oh, wait his hour of promise sure
Whose patience ne'er grows old;
He sends his blessed sunbeams down
To help the bud unfold;
For when the power of love breaks through
And opens responsive light,
The morning dawns, the noontide floods,
Nor ever cometh night!
And the immortal flowers awake
From out the quickening sod:
Expanding thence through life and death,
It blossoms up to God." —Unknown.

THE UNIVERSAL CHRIST.

DR. EMMA S. STOWE.

I.

The star of hope is gleaming,
With brilliant lustre beaming,
As loud, and louder swells the mid-night strain;
The wise men see the glory,
And wondering at the story,
They seek the manger where the babe is lain.

II.

Oh! lift your eyes ye lowly,
With aspirations holy,
And see the pure angelic throng:
While brightly bending o'er us,
They sing the joyful chorus
Of peace on earth the soul inspiring song.

III.

If *then* the shout of glory,
Foretold the wondrous story,
And angel voices sang the gladsome song,
How great shall be the chorus,
Of glad ones hov'ring o'er us,
Who view the *mangers* for the Christs to come!

FOR the past nineteen hundred years humanity has been looking backward, studying the life of the individual Christ, all unconscious of the embryotic state within themselves that should eventually bring forth the Christ universal.

In this age of advanced thought the true mission of the Christ is revealed, and he who can read the inner significance of the advent of the individual Christ has found the key that unlocks the mystery of the second and universal coming.

The literal history of the Nazarine shadows forth the type of man's ultimate perfection, the tidings of which reverberates down the ages and heralds with no uncertain sound the coming, not of the *son* of God, but the *sons* of God. All over the world there are millions of them, wrapped in the swaddling bands of the animal nature, cradled in the manger amid animal states; souls beautiful in their possibilities, for whom there is no room in the "Inn," men of one blood evolving one grand universal Christhood!

The Christ of nineteen hundred years ago was the Christmas gift of God to humanity, as an earnest of the broad and universal gift that has evolved from the eons of the past, and is becoming

manifest through the wide spread interest of the advanced thinkers of the day along the line of Christian Socialism and co-operative humanhood. There are developed souls who have become illuminated by the light and glory of Bethlehem's plains, who through the portals of the understanding receive and herald anew the tidings of "Peace on earth, good will to men;" and the wise ones who know the signs of the universal coming, recognize in them the world's redeemers, and are coming with their precious gifts.

In order to fully understand the universal Christ, it is necessary to consider the nature of the type in the individual being, and the mission he performed in the elevation of the race.

"Order is heaven's first law," and we see throughout the whole Biblical record the orderly method in creation and the serial evolutionary process that carried man up through every kingdom, and placed him, prophetically, at the pinnacle of perfection, giving him dominion over everything beneath him. I say prophetically because man in his humanity has not, as yet, reached this state of dominion, save in the one individual—Jesus the Christ.

As the mind reaches back and follows the hereditary influences, the race mixture, and the travail of the soul down through the seventy generations preceding the coming of the individual Christ, it catches a glimpse of the grand concept of the Creator, when all humanity shall have trodden the same wine press of affliction, and shall have developed the same love for humanity, and the same principles of justice and equity that actuated the Christ to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, and to establish every man in the possession of his own inalienable rights and privileges.

Man in his primitive state was but little above the beast, yet containing in the human ego the rudimentary possibilities of perfection—a spark of the nature of God, which must eventually evolve the image of the Father. All the kingdoms preceding man have been subject to the controlling power of a higher wisdom, which has carried them on to perfection in their order, laying the foundation for the outwrought manifestation of universal power through the freedom of the will, which indwelling principle in the

uncultivated mind leads to deeds of violence and apparent retrogression, until the faculties are all brought forth with the judgment and will cultivated to rule in wisdom, justice and love. A full development of the freedom of the will is a manifestation of the Christ principle; and in this concept we see the mission that was performed by the individual Christ, in presenting the imagery of a perfect and consecrated life, that had been carried up to the point of a knowledge of, and respect for the rights of humanity, dogmatized as "*Free Salvation.*"

The individual Christ was the first fruits—the first ripened product of the ordained plan; and each individual member of the human family is in some stage of development along the line looking towards the ripe and perfect fruit. Every son and daughter of Adam has within them that attribute of self-assertion, that spirit of freedom that cannot, willingly, submit to subordination; and the bondage of such God-like possibilities is the curse of humanity, that can only be removed by the education and elevation of the masses to their just rights and privileges of human beings here and now (not in some far off fabled realm). Christ verified the truth of a perfect fidelity to his fellow-men by doing all that he could to lift them to a higher consciousness of the power within them. He understood the *laws* of progression—the overcoming of the lower to add power to the higher; and through the transmutation of the former he was carried to the highest. By the constant polarization of the mind to the highest he steadily gravitated around the circle of his existence and returned to the power from whence he was outsent; while humanity in ignorance of the laws of a perfect unfoldment, are absorbed by the trivial things of life, and comet-like, swing off hither and thither with no consciousness of the power that is within their reach.

Christ declared to his disciples that the kingdom of God was within them; which kingdom when brought forth objectively will constitute the universal kingdom and the universal Christ life upon the earth.

When the human family are redeemed from the bondage of their own animal propensities—from the love of money—the curse of greed and lust and passion; when they can love their neighbor as themselves, willing to give their lives to deeds of earnest self sacrifice and love, then will the universal Christ have come; and the kingdom of heaven will be ushered in; every man shall be supreme ruler of himself, and the ideal social state can be enjoyed by ALL THE PEOPLE.

IT IS I! BE NOT AFRAID.

ONE day a woman's soul was in travail. Alone she wandered near the foot of a brown bleak mountain. The stubble fields she had traversed had wounded her tender feet. They were bruised and bleeding. Her torn garments fluttered in the heartless blast which swept around her.

She gazed afar off toward the restless sea. "The unrest in that water is akin to the unrest in my soul," cried she. Her eyes sought the heavens; the sunlight hurt her. "The fever of his heart is the burning pain in every nerve that throbs out its anguish; Ah me!" She swept with one anxious glance the whole panorama about her. She sank down wailing. "Oh, the lie of life;" the hopelessness of faith—faith in Nature, God and man. Nature's stern decree; God's silence; efforts my own thrown back upon me with crushing cruel blows; man's selfishness and uncertainty; woman's hatred and suspicion; children's tears—these oppressed me. Wounded, bleeding, half dying, I have strayed me away from them all.

My strength is spent. My soul is in travail. Ere the birth of the long expected joy and peace, these twin harmonies, my heart shall have panted its last hope to a speechless heaven, a soulless earth, and my body shall have fed the vultures screaming yonder. I can no longer pray. There is no answer," and the woman moaned and tore her hair. The hands were still at last. Methought she was dead and sat me down to weep.

Then one with face serene came with springing footstep and touched my shoulder with his hair as he whispered in my ear saying, "Why weepest thou?" I answered, "Because of my prostrate sister; because life's lessons are too hard to learn; because death destroys what life should fulfill."

Said he, "Do you know why she lies there?" "Have you interpreted the lesson she has failed to perceive? What know you of Life or death?" A great fear fell upon me as he spoke. "Fear not," said he, "come and I will show you the beautiful." He led me to a sloping hillside. A woman's body lay in the grass, motionless and face downward.

"What is she doing?" said I, and for answer I felt the heart beats of the earth as they throbbed in rhythm with the ebbing flowing tide of mother water. I heard the atoms hold strange converse of the unity of life. I heard the grass grow, I saw its soul. I asked a tiny blade for the reason of its existence. Wonderingly it answered, "I seek the light." The man with the face serene led me on. I saw a woman with her face turned toward the rising sun. Its radiance swept through her body—it burned and crackled like an element of destruction. I trembled and felt sore afraid. Then the sunlight rebuked me and said, "I am but the energizing, vivifying fire of life, purifying and perfecting the body." And the woman vanished.

"Look!" said the serene one, and I beheld a woman sitting with her feet in the pebbly sand, her lap full of spring flowers and her head bent low in a listening attitude. Breathlessly I waited, and soon the music of distant waters waked a melody in my consciousness. The pebbles were talking of the ages of effort they had made to attain their present proportions. The brook laughed and told of its evolution from fog-mist and dew drop. And, looking in dumb amazement, I saw the souls of the flowers expand and rise to their feet.

The wise one smiled and drew me on. A woman leaned against a bare brown rock on a beach where the blue sea broke against it and flecked it with foam. I leaned hard also, and wondered. Then over the sands the moaning water sent its message: "I am the spirit of activity. The one song in my heart is Eternity—Eternity here, now, and forevermore." Then the rock vibrated to my quickened senses the words, "Power, Resistance, Perpetuity," the sea swept the woman from sight.

I found myself in a forest. A woman stood with her feet buried in the moss that grew dense and dark along a shaded stream. Fern fronds dipped into the river. Birds sang in the trees. The woman turned to me and said: "My mother is caressing my feet; my sisters are dipping their fingers in the water; my brothers are throwing their protecting arms over me; angels are singing to me. God sent them. Do you hear the story of creation flying from the Sun God to Mother Earth along the currents that ceaselessly

come and go?" A great glory filled her face. Then I knew that she talked of the moss, the ferns, the trees, the birds, the river, and my soul ceased to fear.

Swiftly like light we sped away, and stood again where the dead woman lay on the bleak mountain side. Then the woman who talked with me in the forest by the river laid her hands over the heart of her who lay dead, and breathed into her face. The two melted into one. And I knew that of the soul's travail the woman's inner consciousness was born, and that this last gift of the Infinite Mother is the resurrection and the life. That recognition of life universal and its oneness with her own, had become to her the "hollow of his hand" where Our Father holds in safety his straying ones, where his tenderness "Tempers the wind to his shorn lambs," and the woman took my hand. We knelt us down and with bowed heads prayed, "Thy will be done."—PRIESTESS.

I.

A man would build a house, and found a place
As fair as any on the earth's fair face;

Soft hills, dark woods, smooth meadows richly green,
And cool tree-shaded lakes the hills between.

He built his house within this pleasant land,
A stately white-porched house, long years to stand;

But, rising from his paradise so fair;
Came fever in the night and killed him there.

"O lovely land!" he cried; How could I know
That death was lurking under this fair show?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

II.

A man would do great work, good work and true;
He gave all things he had, all things he knew;

He worked for all the world; his one desire
To make the people happier, better, higher.

U'sed his best wisdom, used his utmost strength,
And, dying in the struggle, found at length,

The giant evils he had fought, the same;
And that the world he loved scarce knew his name

"Has all my work been wrong? I meant so well!
I loved so much!" he cried; "How could I tell?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

III.

A maid was asked in marriage. Wise as fair,
She gave her answer with deep thought and prayer;

Expecting in the holy name of wife,
Great work, great pain, and greater joy, in life.

She found such work as brainless slaves might do;
By day and night. Long labor never through.

Such pain—no language can her pain reveal.
It had no limit but her power to feel

Such joy? Life left in her sad soul's employ
Neither hope nor memory of joy.

Helpless she died, with one despairing cry—
"I thought it good! How could I tell the lie?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,
"I teach by killing. Let others learn."

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson.*

EVOLUTION OF JUSTICE.

BY REV. G. R. DODSON.

THE power of ideas for good is often a matter of age. At first inspiring and progressive in their influence, they tend to become as prison bars to the mind. Ideals, also, gradually lose their appropriateness and value. Conditions never long remain the same, and the life of man to be normal must keep pace with the change. The mental adjustment must be kept up. To attempt to maintain unchanged the ideas, ideals and institutions of the past is to court dislocation of life with reality, in other words, death. Ideas often survive their usefulness. Relatively true and beneficial in their day, they become in course of time veritable superstitions. That which was a light upon the path becomes an ignis fatuus to trouble and mislead mankind. The charter of freedom survives to be a barrier to progress. Of examples, all too numerous, we will consider one.

There came a day in the history of thought when men began to weary of the ancient, a priori road. It was not found to lead to truth. The attempt to evolve truth by dialectical process and metaphysical speculation proved a failure. Nor did enlightenment come through fasting and ascetic exercises. Then arose the great idea, one of the most salutary and productive in the history of the world, that men should turn to nature as the source of truth. Science and the civilization it has made possible are the result. Man left off shaping fanciful theories in order to study reality. And so, at last, he came upon the real highway from which there is little danger that he will ever stray. He begins to see where he is, to know something of his past and to form some rational idea as to what his future ought to be.

But he made one mistake; one, however, that was quite natural, if not inevitable. The return to nature was like a return to life. The beneficent consequences were so numerous and so

great that it is not strange that nature became a sort of fetish, and that men looked to her not only for information about what has been and is, but also for moral instruction. The attempt was made to "follow nature" in ethical as well as in physical science.

But it is becoming evermore clear that nature is no moral exemplar. She is neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral. This truth, set forth with abundance evidence and illustration in the writings of Lester F. Ward was seen by Emerson more than a generation ago: "It is of no use to try to dress up this terrific benefactor in the white shirtfront and neckcloth of the divinity student." "Nature, as we know her, is no Saint. The lights of the church, the ascetics, ... she does not distinguish by any favor. She comes eating and drinking and sinning."

For nothing has our great seer suffered more reproach than for this. Yet it is perfectly plain. Material phenomena and forces do not become moral by being increased in amount. There is no moral quality in the fire on the hearth; no more is there in those great fires in the heavens, the suns and stars. The stones of the highway are without ethical character; why should we attribute such character to those millions of tons of matter we call the earth?

So with laws and forces. If the good shepherd seeking the lost sheep in the mountains stumble on the edge of the precipice and fall, the law of gravitation acts just as pitilessly as if he had only dropped his staff. Natural laws are not moral laws,—not even those within the biological domain. It is idle to look in the sub-human or primitive-human world for principles of ideal justice. Nature is no model political economist or statesman. Ethical man cannot treat his fellows as she deals with her creatures. Her theory of life and progress is the gladiatorial one, and is characterized by waste, suffering and moral indifference.

The method of natural selection is to produce a large number of beings, and then allow them to be thinned out by enemies, want and disease. It is obvious that men cannot use this method in rearing families; no more can they reasonably adopt it in economic political and social life.

They cannot indeed afford to be ignorant of or disregard this and other biological laws that have governed life in the past. But

to erect them into a system and make them a model for human legislation is another thing. Yet this is what some, who were not without influence, have taught that we should do. It is, however, clearly a mistake. To follow nature in this sense is to deny to human intelligence and moral sentiment the right to exercise their normal and legitimate function; it is to take away from man the hope of ever reaching a rational and moral social order. It is to try to eternalize the brutal past. No, it is just these unmoral methods of nature that we are trying to rise above, and for success we must put our trust in intelligence and in the higher human sentiments. Morality is not consistent with imitation of nature. It is not a product of nature, but of human life.

Of course, since man is a part of nature the human may be said to be natural; so, also, in this sense is the artificial for "art is but nature in the second degree." But we are dealing here, not with an entological, but with a practical distinction, which we preserve in the interest of clear thought. The truth is that that part of nature below man, and all of nature except man is, so far as we can see, unmoral; so that Prof. Huxley was right in saying, "The cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends." To follow nature as a moral guide is, therefore, to go backward. Civilized man cannot and does not accept her as a model; he does not hesitate to improve upon her products wherever he can; his finest fruits, grains and domestic animals are the results of artificial cultivation; his most valuable institutions are also artificial in that they are the product of intelligence and the sentiments of justice in humanity. And he ought not to be deterred from the fforte to still further perfect his social life and make it rational and just, because the laws of biological evolution afford him no precedent.

The higher ought not to feel compelled to imitate the lower. Moral beings cannot copy the unmoral. Nature is rightly to be regarded servant, not master.

I said that it is our business to make of the human world a moral order, and have thus, by implication, denied that it can justly be called this now. But men have generally felt religiously bound to believe that the world is somehow just. The inequalities of life are obvious. According to some, things

will be evened up in the next world. There poor Lazarus shall have the good things and Dives the evil. The Buddhist looks in the opposite direction for a solution. According to him, previous existence accounts for all apparent injustice in this present world. What we reap we must in some former incarnation have sown.

It seems to many that only in some such way is it possible to save the doctrine that the world is a moral order. But suppose that this doctrine is not really true, except in part?

As for sub-human nature we have seen that it is entirely without ethical character, while human nature is only partially moralized. The world then presents the aspect of a moral order incipient but incomplete. We have grown out of a world, and have sprung from ancestors, that were both unrational and unmoral. The ideal goal of human development is a condition in which reason, justice, and love control the individual and social life. Though far from this goal, we are striving towards it and have made appreciable progress.

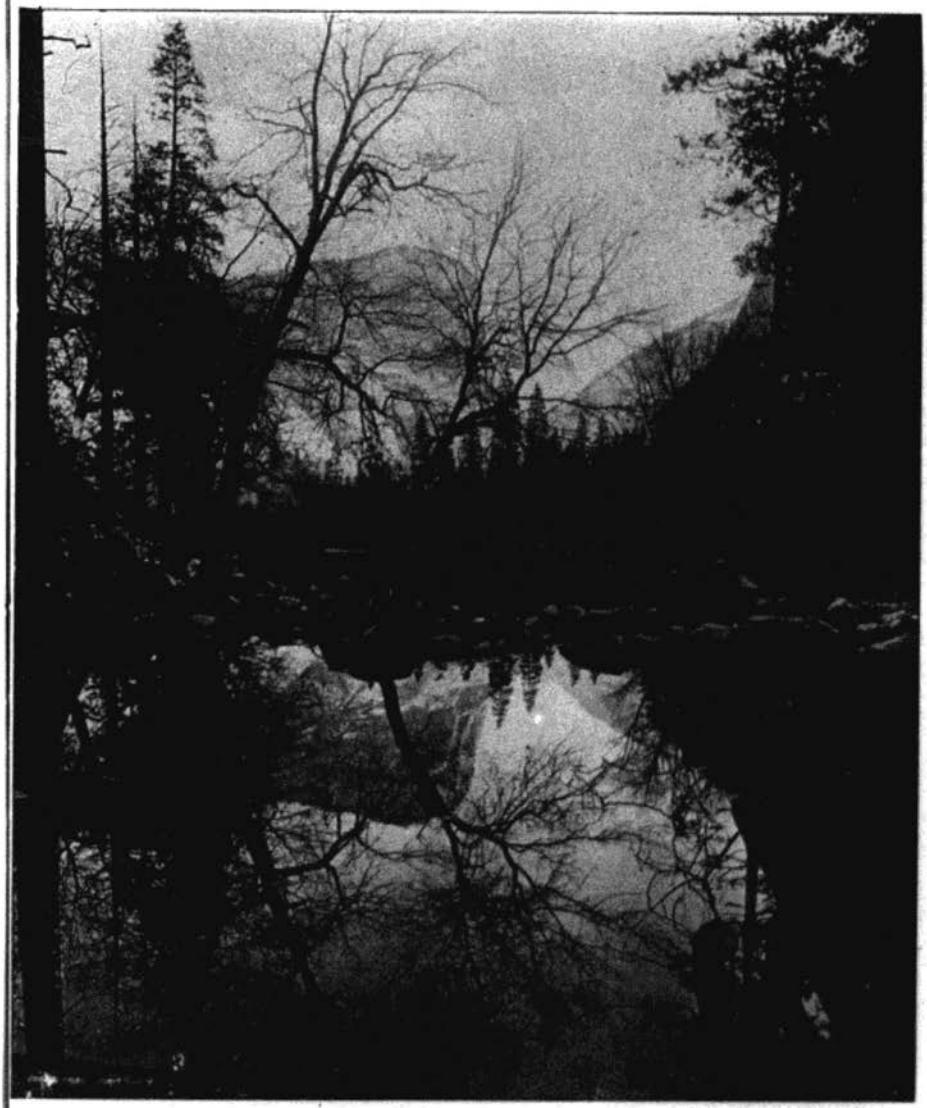
It is time that we should thoroughly and adequately realize that justice, like reason, is a human quality. The speculative lovers of righteousness in the past have demanded some explanation which would show all apparent injustice to be unreal. A better way, that, now coming into vogue, is not to *explain away*, but actually to *do away* with the irrational and unjust in human life. Our business is not to manufacture theories with the aim of justifying the ways of God to man, but to make just the way of man with his brother. Having learned that "the will of man is one of the fates," that intelligence and the sentiment of humanity are factors in evolution, we regard it as our duty to exercise these faculties in reshaping and improving human institutions until they shall be as much superior to those which we have inherited from the past as the "Gloria Mundi" and "Golden Pippin" surpass the primitive crab apple which we receive from nature's hand. A human society that would satisfy the demands of an ethically developed human nature must be just as much a work of art as the Pantheon, the Sistine Madonna, or a symphony by Schubert.

But it is asked, Whence came these higher human faculties. Are they not products of nature? Of course. But the question

is not as to their origin, but as to their work. The point is that though the universal power may be working in us, nevertheless if this world ever becomes a moral order, man will have to make it so. And although in the past, suffering had borne but little relation to moral character, we may expect that, with the increasing perfection of human institntions in the future, it will be less and less possible for the wicked man to flourish like the green bay tree, and that righteousness and success shall at last go hand in hand.

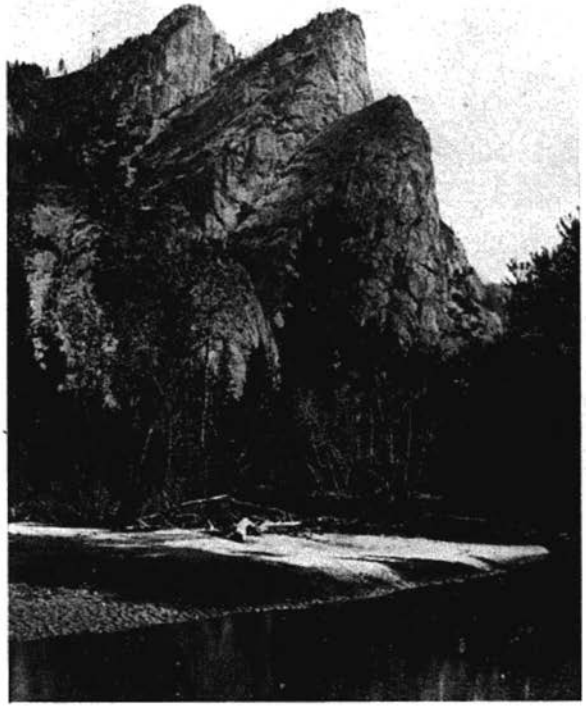
The error of reformers in the past has hot been in the quality of their ideas so much as in their ignorance and consequent underestimate of the number and strength of the tendoncies with whlch, in the work of rationalizing and moralizing his institutions and his life man has to contend. To bring about an era of co-operation is no easy matter, for man is himself the creature of conflict; his body and mind have been shaped in struggle. We are all hunters and fighters at the core. Clans have been welded into tribes, and tribes compounded into nations by war. Co-operation itself is due to struggle. The men who have learned to fight together have survived, while the solitary and unsocial have perished without memory. Even to-day patriotism is supposed to be nourished by international animosities.

History and tradition are therefore against man in his endeavors to introduced an era of co-operation, of orderly production and equitable distribution, based upon intelligence and good will. What has been growing for so many ages in one direction is not capable of quick or easy transformation. Tendencies which have been developing for thousands of years are too deep-seated to be soon eradicated. There is hope, however, that they may be controlled. This is the problem of civilization. The gladiatorial theory of existence, though unmoral in nature is immoral for us. We cannot, we will not, deify savagery. We cannot deny the demands of ethically developed human nature in order to conform to unmoral natural processes. The sentiment of justice is one of the factors of evolution. It slowly but unceasingly grows in influence. Our task and that of the men of the future is to make it supreme.



MIRROR LAKE.

From the Yosemite as I saw it



THE THREE BROTHERS.

From "Yosemite as I saw it"



CATHEDRAL SPIRES.

THE DAWN OF WOMAN'S EMPIRE.

BY ADDIE L. BALLOU.

THE "sphere" of womanhood is no longer circumscribed to a silent partnership within four walls of a home, where, as an unpaid domestic, with diversion of child-rearing, without questioning its responsibilities, and creative limitations, she was formerly installed.

It has not been an easy task for her to break away from conservative environments and traditional usages of centuries, and assert her ability to be self-sustaining in every sense of the word, and an equal factor in the affairs of the world. She had first to acquire confidence in her own ability to do so, and then the courage to assert it, and make the effort, along such lines of disputed territory, as might appear to offer a gleam of encouragement.

The first assumption broadened her comprehension of her duties as well as faith in her ability, until she has come to realize that if there are to be good men, there must be good mothers; if there is to be good government, there must be good homes; if there are to be good laws and good statesmanship, there must be equity, and that to be well governed one must become a part of the governing power. It is her growth and not her aggression, which brings her conspicuously to the front in this day and age. And while half denying her, men agree to the justice of her position and give her recognition and the helping hand in most she asks and, in a little longer time, when she has proven her capabilities, will accord her a free and full equality before the law.

The half scorn appellant, as "new woman," leaves no bitter in the cup, for, even more than woman herself, man is conscious that her complete day is near, and of necessity if degeneracy, entire, is to be averted. He sees in the decline of manly nobility

and greatness, which is passing out with the generation, a menace to the race and the need of restoration.

Honor, integrity, and statesmanship, and physical robustness of manhood, that once marked the greatest citizenship, has fallen into comparative minority, through rapid transits, through the channels of excesses which are railroading him to his doom, reducing him from giant to pigmy, drained of his vigor through overtaxed vital powers and various dissipations, by either his necessities or his indulgences. The grind of over-toil without recreation to the workman, and the drain and waste of vital energies through vices, intemperance, and sex indulgences, with too little labor to the idler, is leaving its deadly imprint on the rising manhood, and we may ask in humility, where shall we find a Webster, a Clay, a Jackson, a Lincoln, a Lee, a Sumner, and other stalwarts? and only the moonlight shadow of a memory of greatness on a tableted tomb of departed glory gives back reply, "Alas! they are not."

As man degenerates, woman must regenerate to retrieve the race and save it from moral, intellectual, and physical ruin and death. If she had aught to do with man's fall, she is here to replace him, and on this assumption let us note the ominous promise of her coming empire, through heretofore untried fields of experience, upon the success of which so much depends his future, as well as her own, for there are evils to be righted, that have come to us as the heritage of man-made conditions, which brand our modern enlightment as a failure, but out of which she may become a rescuing angel.

If there be those who, standing upon the threshold of the new dawn, look backward, sighing for love of the olden days of sweet domesticity, when woman rocked their flocks and wove the homespun beside the ingle of cottage contentment, they should see also in the then proprietory "house-father," the provident provider, whose arm proudly encircled his dependent ones, that no want, nor taint, should enter his domain, with a chivalric dignity that won the worship of a devoted womanhood, which knew no loftier choice than cheerful acquiescence, or obedience. Since when, he has too often rather chosen to emulate the savage sire, who spoils the enemy, and lays himself heroicly down, to smoke

the pipe of repose, beside the tent fire his spouse has lighted, and waits while she brings in the game.

In civilization, now, she as often adds her share of the product for the home maintenance, supporting oft times the other half, besides rearing the scions of the household, protected only by her own dignity and virtue, and the small and doubtful label of his name.

The old time mandate of "marry and multiply, thus saith the Lord," is materially modulated, and she prefers self maintenance to matrimony without matehood, and is the priestess of a better philosophy, living in single solitude, believing it preferable to be a contributor to the productiveness of comfort and culture to the few, rather than to spawn a multitude of homeless waifs, to glut the the public with a vagrant charge, to crowd the asylums of the incompetent to rot in penal pens, or fertilize the potter's field.

And thus with a firmer tread and unwavering aim, she seeks and takes responsibilities, because she knows her integrity will pass the ordeal, and her qualifications will command respect and confidence. In evidence of man's confidence already won, we note a few women upon whom have been conferred positions of trust and responsibility, and until recently occupied exclusively by men. Our own State finds in the executive secretary's chair, by appointment of Governor Budd, Miss Josephine M. Todman, the young lady graduate of the Hastings' Law School, whose faithful service to the State, and the responsible duties of her office, have never been excelled heretofore.

The appointment of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst as Regent of the State University, conferred a compliment, not only to her royal womanhood, but to every woman of the State, as well. Miss Estelle Reel, the distinguished and beautiful State Superintendent of Public Instruction, of Wyoming, shares the confidence and affection of her constituents, both men and women. In the military distinctions of the day, it has remained to the traditional chivalry of our southern sister States, to call the roll of honor, on behalf of woman.

Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, and Governor Robert l. Taylor of Tennessee, have seen fit to appoint ladies to the rank of Colonels upon their respective staffs. The favor finds such gracious acceptance with the women of the States so honored, that the young

women are organizing in military companies, with equipments and uniform quite in keeping with their ideas of parade dress, and drill, to fit the honor.

Miss Bertha Thompson, a bright young woman graduate of a Chicago medical college, now fills the appointment of city physician of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Born but a few years ago, between the beautiful lakes of Winnebago and the Butte des Nortes, the pulse of a great city is laid in her hand and keeping, to assume the duties failed in by her male predecessor. These evidence man's confidence in woman, in the segregate. But in evidence of woman's faith and helpfulness in the agregate or in the co-operative, no doubt the constructive plans and purposes for a systematic and forward movement for women, exclusively by women, will be found in the club-houses recently instituted by some of the leading women of England, noticeably the Grosvenor Crescent Club and The Woman's Institute, as described by the librarian of the latter, Miss Jenet Tuckey, whose personal letter I take the liberty to quote, in part. She says:—

"I will first reply to your questions about the Grosvenor Club.

"It has been founded as a first class social club for women, who are interested in it. The Club counts among its members professional women, artists, authors, journalists, ladies engaged in philanthropic and political work. Some are working hard for a living, others again have great wealth, but few, if any, are idlers, and all, so far as I know, are earnest friends of their sister women, and eager to serve them. Many members of the Club are of very high rank and social position; of these I may mention the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Grey-Egerton, the Countess of Carlisle, Lady Elizabeth Cust, Lady Montague, Lady Henry Summerset, Mrs. Sidgewick, Mrs. Russell Cooke,—but I must not fatigue you with too many names.

"The members meet at their debates afternoon 'at homes,' and social evenings. . . . . To these members may bring guests, as also to the afternoon and evening at homes; and as guests, gentlemen are welcome, though this is, as I have said, a woman's club. Men are eligible as members of the Institute, of which I shall speak later on.

"The Grosvenor Crescent Club occupies the ground floor of 15, Grosvenor Crescent, Hyde Park Lane, one of the most fashionable, airy, and delightful parts of London, and most conveniently situated. The park is close at hand; Victoria Station is within ten minutes' walk; Picadilly is round the corner. The house is very spacious and beautiful, tastefully decorated, and lighted by electricity . . . . there is an excellent restaurant and dining room, which can be engaged by members for private luncheon and dinner-parties. This is a great convenience to ladies whose houses are small, or who are only visiting London. There is a very efficient staff of high class servants, and the meal, no matter how simple the dishes ordered, are served in a very dainty and pretty way. There is a special and very cosy 'members' room,' to which visitors are not admitted, and which is well supplied with easy chairs, writing materials, etc. This room is a pleasant retreat for lovers of quiet on 'at home' days, when the great drawing-rooms are crowded and full of voices.

"There is also a 'Game Room' for chess, etc., and we have a 'Games Committee,' which will arrange gymnastic and fencing classes, swimming classes, coach rides, boating, etc., for members, on very advantageous terms. The Club drawing-rooms are well supplied with papers, novels, magazines, and writing materials, and are very large and beautiful.

". . . . The Woman's Institute, a society which Mrs. Phillips has for many years been longing to found, occupies the second and third floors of our beautiful house . . . . Now the second floor is taken up by the library and reading room . . . . I am in treaty now with a great bookseller, whose manager is able to advise both wisely and kindly; I am also getting help and advise from the great British Museum, where I have worked a good deal, and where every official, from the highest to the lowest, is ready with good services towards all who love books; we intend to make books *concerning women*; the *woman question*, and all branches of woman's work, a very special feature of this library.

"On the floor above this are various committee rooms, lecture room, and enquiry bureau. To this enquiry bureau members are entitled to address questions on almost any subject, and no trouble

nor expense is spared to furnish full and complete replies. The bureau receives and answers letters from ladies who wish to engage in various sorts of business, to publish books, to give lectures, to go on the stage, to get information about some book, picture, etc. . . . .

"Many of those inquiries of which I have told you come from lonely, or weary, or unsuccessful women, and you will understand how we are able to help many of these. I do not mean with money. That would be impossible and unadvisable. But beyond the mere official reply, one can say a word of sympathy, can tender a bit of counsel out of one's own experience,—and occasionally can show the questioner how to find work. I hope with all my heart that the spirit of kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness which now rules here may endure and increase—I think it will. . . . .

"Mrs. Phillipps thanks you most truly for your sympathetic feeling towards her and her work. We are all rejoiced to know that other women, far away, are holding out to us the hand of comradship, and are especially grateful for the kindly fellowship of men and women both, in your great and honored country."

When women so fraternize for a common fellowship, and the general happiness and well being of womankind, we shall have struck the keynote to her possibilities, and the rising generation will rise up and call her blessed, and cheerfully accord to her her right of empire.

Not second to this co-operative work among women, to aid each other into the industrial field of success or social enjoyment should be that of a concerted action towards a higher education of women; not alone in scholastic excellence, but in the industrial, as many of the failures in various occupations arise from lack of understanding in performance of the labor undertaken.

In Holland, women have learned the advantage of co-operation and organization. They have formed a large number of societies of a philanthropic character, showing the practical and useful side of such a movement. There is a society for assisting working women to obtain homes of their own; a society for aiding the children of poor working people; a society for the aid of sick working women; a society for making flower and vegetable gardens among

the poor; a society for the insurance of sick working women and girls, and a society for the education of servants.

Such a society as the last named in particular might do much good in large cities of our own country. The ever vexing servant question might be less aggravating were white girls, American or otherwise, to fit themselves to do their work with skill and neatness, and the same degree of patience and desire to please as our yellow hued neighbors from the Orient, and avert a great deal of controversy besides.

An educational and industrial institute, wherein women could be taught and qualified in the various pursuits which are adapted to women, and when so qualified, supplied with positions and occupation given them in the Institution, until otherwise provided for, how much of crime and misery might be averted, in this city? How much virtue encouraged, and how much happiness engendered? Possibly practical work of this character will hasten the hour when women will be awarded the long-desired suffrage.

LITTLE THINGS.

A TRAVELER on the road
Strewed acorns on the lee,
And one took root and sprouted,
And grew into a tree.

A spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.

Years passed, and lo, the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

O germ! O fount! O love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

— Selected.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION OR EFFECTIVE VOTING.

BY ALFRED CRIDGE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Outline of the Subject.

When the French Academicians were getting up their dictionary they submitted to Cuvier the following definition of a crab:—

"A red fish that walks backward."

He remarked that the definition was correct, excepting that the crab was not red, was not a fish and did not walk backward.

King Charles II asked the members of the Royal Society how it was that when a fish was put into a bucket of water the weight of the bucket and its contents was not increased. Several presented ingenious explanations, after which one of them rose up and denied the fact, when the king remarked, "Odd fish! but you're right."

Those who write so fluently about "the people's rule," "voters make their own laws," "this is a people's government," etc., are as wide of the mark as the savants above mentioned, in that they have not ascertained the facts themselves, but have simply believed what they have been told.

It is said "Democracy" does this, that, or the other thing, when, outside of Switzerland, Democracy has no existence, and there only partially.

W. T. Stead in the Review of Reviews says, "Demos will regard his millionaires as the cottager regards his bees." But his as others' "Demos" is as much a myth as Bacchus or Saturn. De Tocqueville has written a book of over five hundred pages on "Democracy in America," when the thing did not then, and does not exist in America.

It is of the first importance in the consideration of any fundamental political questions to ascertain what is and is not representation; how far, if at all, voters really make the laws, and how far

they might do in practice what they are said to do in theory. This lies at the foundation of all intelligent effort to improve industrial and moral conditions by political processes. It is the keystone, the keynote and the key to all such reforms.

All know that "practical politics" is corrupt; few know why. I propose to show conclusively the cause of evil and the remedy.

Many suppose that by promoting the moral and spiritual welfare of mankind, physical evils can be overcome. It is a true proposition "seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness (equity in all relations) and all these things shall be added unto you;" but how shall we seek otherwise than through the embodiment of collective justice in the domains of industry and of public affairs?

Proportional representation may be defined as equity in government, collective righteousness, in that it substitutes for a falsely assumed representation of majorities, penned within district lines, or "at large," an actual representation of the whole body of voters according to their various opinions, so that legislatures and municipal boards would be complete reflexes of those opinions *pro rata* and in miniature, just as a map represents a country, or would represent it if the elevations, as well as the flat surfaces, were presented in a fixed proportion to the actual dimensions. It is impossible to do this to any extent by means of party organizations; our existing electoral system necessitates an absolute misrepresentation, and "the people's rule" myth surpasses any other in its absurdity and diabolism.

Note the immense volume of the local and general "news" of elections, and it will be seen that it all refers not to any consideration of principles or measures, but to petty and crooked methods by which party organizations are, or are to be, utilized in behalf of this or that candidate and his retainers. As Albert Stickney aptly termed it, it is "the science of war by election." Truly said ex-Senator J. J. Ingalls in 1890:—

"The purification of politics is a iridescent dream. Government is force; politics are a battle for supremacy; parties are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign."

This is true, however, only of the existing systems. There

is no real need why men should do collectively, either in war or politics, that which nearly all of them would scorn to do as individuals. There is no reason other than the misleading thought of leaders in press, pulpit, platform, school and college why collective action should not be even more pure, more philanthropic, more effective than individual action. It is the system, not the men and women, that is bad.

THE GREAT LIE OF THE CENTURY.

I regret the necessity of using figures to prove the radical falsity of the existing belief that majorities elect the legislatures and municipal boards, and hence that if the people are not satisfied with the conduct of public affairs they can make such changes as they may desire, and that all reformers have to do is to "educate public opinion."

Here is a synopsis of the Oakland municipal election of March 11, 1895, the first figures as to each ward respectively denoting the total number cast in each ward, the next the number of votes cast for the successful candidate, and the third the percentage of the total vote received by such candidate:

First ward—1144, 345; 30.015 per cent. Second ward—1324, 624; 47.13 per cent. Third ward—1155, 543; 47.42 per cent; Fourth ward—1291, 527; 40.82 per cent. Fifth ward—912, 260; 28.05 per cent. Sixth ward—1137, 279; 24.54 per cent. Seventh ward—1401, 870; 61.1 per cent.

Total vote by wards, 8,354, of which the successful candidates received 3,448, or 41,27 per cent.

Four councilmen were elected at large, out of 16 candidates. The total vote for all candidates was 29,613 (each voter voting for 4 candidates), and total vote for successful candidates was 11,753 (2758, 3252, 2625 and 3118), or 39.78 per cent.

This indicates that whether elections are made at large or by districts, the percentage of wasted votes is about the same.

While one of the councilmen elected by wards received but 260 votes, being but twenty-eight per cent. of the votes cast in his ward, another received 870, or 62 per cent. of the vote in his ward, being over *three times* the number of votes received by the

councilman from the fifth ward; yet the vote of one counts for as much in the council as the vote of the other. If 3⅛ is equal to 1, we have a "representative" government; otherwise it is a myth.

Supposing that these seven ward councilmen constituted the entire council; then four of them, who received but 1,411 votes out of the 8,354 cast, would constitute a majority of that body, and could pass any ordinance; yet 1,411 is but very little over one-sixth of 8,354, or just 16.89 per cent.

If one-sixth is a majority of the whole, "the people rule;" otherwise they don't.

As illustrating the extent to which, under this so-called "majority rule," an insignificant fraction of voters can radically change the make-up of an alleged "representative" body, we call attention to the following figures:—

A change of 42 votes in the 1st ward, 13 in the 2nd, 28 in the 3rd, 29 in the 4th, 20 in the 5th, and 3 (*three*) in the 6th, from the successful candidates to the leading unsuccessful ones would have changed six out of the seven ward conncilmen. These sum up but 135 votes, or about one sixty-second part (1.6 per cent.) of the whole. A change of 37 and 132 votes from two of the successful candidates at large to those unsuccessful ones polling the next highest vote would have elected the latter in place of the former. Add 132 to 37, and we get 169, which is but the 176th part of the total at large vote of 29,613.

When such small fractions of voters can thus elect or defeat candidates, it is impossible for any legislation to prevent corrupt means being used to thus influence the ignorant and the unprincipled to *turn the scale*, where there is "money in it." To legislate so as to punish the electoral corruption *for which our electoral system offers every possible inducement* is either gross stupidity or rank hypocrisy—when not both combined.

Dissecting this body corporate in another answer, we find 4 ward councilmen elected on 1,411 votes, while 3,083 in the same wards, and 1,843 in the other three wards, elected nothing. Candidates in the 1st, 5th and 6th wards were elected on 346, 260, and 279 votes respectively, while others were defeated in the 2nd, 3rd and 4th wards on 599, 488, and 470 votes respectively. It took

less than half as many votes to elect a candidate in one ward as it did to defeat a candidate in another! And supposedly sane men indirectly uphold such idiotic systems.

The election for 1897 in that city, similarly analyzed, shows these inequities (and inequities are inequities).

The four candidates elected at large received 43 per cent. of the entire vote cast. Those elected by wards, tabulated as before, received as follows:—

First ward—1301 total vote; successful candidate received 446; 34 per cent. Second ward—1592, 811; 50.75 per cent. Third ward—1229, 811; 65.66 per cent. Fourth ward —1410, 644; 45.67 per cent. Fifth ward -992, 392; 33.95 per cent. Sixth ward—1201, 643; 52.7 per cent. Seventh ward—1544. 744; 48.18 per cent. Altogether, the successful ward candidates received 4,488 out of the 9,278 votes cast, or 48.4 per cent., more than half the voters being thus practically disfranchised.

But more than this, the candidates elected, though all have an equal voice in the council, represent grossly different numbers, one being elected on 392 votes, while two others received more than double that number—808 and 811. Four candidates were elected on 392, 446, 643 and 644 votes respectively; five candidates were defeated on 421, 431, 415, 478 and 739 votes respectively. It took nearly twice as many votes to defeat a candidate in one ward as to elect in four others. This is nearly always the case in any division by wards for municipal or districts for legislative purposes. The defect is inherent in the electoral system itself, which disregards facts equally fundamental in arithmetic and human nature.

In San Francisco it is even more flagrant. In November, 1896, where every voter may cast 12 votes for as many supervisors, there were 708,516 votes cast, and 263,683 of those votes elected every one of the twelve, being but 37.215 per cent., while those known as the "solid eight" received but 174, 861, being but 24.86 per cent. (less than one-fourth) of the total vote. Yet these solid eight rule the city, and three-fourths of the voters are therefore virtually disfranchised.

For the twelve members of the board of education, also elected at large, 603,633 votes were cast; but 198,389 of those votes elected every man of them, being but 31.14 per cent. of the total,

or less than one-third. Of these nine usually vote together, and the votes cast for them were 148,952, or only 23.62 per cent. of the total. Yet this absolute asininity is called "majority rule" in our newspapers, schools, colleges and "learned" books purporting to teach political science!

For assemblymen from this city elected in 1896 from 18 districts 58,986 votes were cast; but 22,179 voters elected every one, being 39 per cent., so that in that regard over 6 out of every 10 of our voters were totally disfranchised. But this does not indicate the full extent of the evil. One was elected on 708 votes out of the 1,988 cast in his district, being 36 per cent.; another by 698 out of 2518—28 per cent. a third on 885 out of 2,786, or 32 per cent., while two others got 2,049 and 2,205 votes respectively, out of 4,132 and 3,761 cast, being 49 and 59 per cent. respectively. Yet the men who received but 988 and 708 votes count just as much in legislative acts as the two who received twice as many.

Taking the State altogether, the case is worse. There are five San Francisco districts where the candidates were returned respectively on 925, 885, 792, 698, and 708 votes, while the 59th and 60th districts (San Benito, Alpine, etc.) elected candidates on 862 and 771 votes respectively.

Now contrast these figures with seven others, where the candidates received, the figures in parentnesis denoting the members of the districts: 2140 (71), 2523 (73), 2581 (75), 2595 (19), 2773 (41), 3488 (70), and 400 (74). Thus the candidate elected from the last-mentioned district received nearly six times as many votes as the candidates elected from the 23rd and 45th districts in the city of San Francisco; and 62 candidates were defeated on votes largely in excess of those received by the seven candates mentioned as receiving from 698 to 925 votes, one of the defeated ones rnceiving 4,196 votes and quite a number over 2,000.

Taking the elections for the assembly throughout the state, the percentage of votes received by the elected candidates was in 1890, 51; 1892, 47; 1894, 45; 1896, 50½. But for the partial fusion in the latter year, the percentage would probably have gone down to 43 or less. Generally as the people become more intelligent and independent the percentage of those represented decreases.

The remedy will be considered in the next issue

REFORM SONGS.

BY EDWARD B. PAYNE.

SUITABLE songs for use in reform gatherings are a desideratum. Nothing would help us more. Music is one of the Great Powers, stronger than Russia, Germany, or Great Britain.

The dynamic power of music has been often celebrated. It is almost believable fable that Orpheus charmed the very rocks and trees. It was by the strains of his lyre, as the legend relates, that ancient Thebes was built; and Carlyle asserts that this is true of every modern city of Europe — all built by music. Its power in war has been demonstrated many times. The martial airs of France lifted Napoleon's army over the crags of the Alps; and Wellington's wavering Highlanders, at Waterloo, rallied and stood fast when the band resumed its playing. Amid distresses, and also human nature's passionate fury, music has brought fortitude and deliverance; Dr. Kane, icebound in the Arctic, recalled his men from despair and mutiny by the strains of an old violin; and John Wesley and his companions dispersed a mob by singing hymns. So, too, the political value of music is undoubted. Lord Wharton claimed that he had, by a single popular song, rhymed King James out of his dominions. Plato asserts that the earliest legislation of all nations was in verse and Aristotle claims that in early times the laws were kept in memory by the singing of them. It is notable that most of the leading presidential campaigns in America have been greatly influenced by song. Kerr, of Chicago, has recently published a volume entitled "Our Nation's History and Song." Therein are collected all the principal and effective campaign songs from Washington's time down to the present.

Numerous other testimonies, and incidents illustrating the value of music as a motive power, might be cited. These are enough to show that here is one of the great forces that affect the human world. Reform movements would do well to seek the alli-

ance of this art more than they now do. Materials are abundant, new themes are at hand, and doubtless the talent also exists. Let us not only write and lecture and preach our way, but *sing* it.

But reform song should be as carefully constructed as any. The greatness of our cause calls for music that is lofty, noble, and of sentiments worthy to endure. It should voice, not our worst, but our best passions. Much that has been produced is either of a trivial and passing glory, or else debased by prejudice and by fury of the emotions. As an instance of the latter fault the following song may be taken. It is sung repeatedly to the music of Marseillaise in socialistic gatherings. Whence it comes the writer of this article does not know, unless it be *de profundis*.

MARSEILLAISE.

Ye workingmen awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise,
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries
Behold their tears and hear their cries,
Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath,
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death.
March on, march on,
All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air,
To mete and vend the light and air,
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore,
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

CHO.—

O Liberty, can man resign thee?
Once having felt thy generous flame,
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHO.—

This is almost demoniac song. It calls for vengeance and blood. This is not what we seek, or if it is we are influenced by diabolism. What socialism really means is the redemption of us all from the inherited evils of the political and industrial systems which survive against reason and truth and humanity's wellbeing. Socius, in the Latin, means companion, and socialism should aim at the just and rational comradeship of all men, to subdue nature for our common use, and put all things under the feet of universal man.

The following lines are an attempt to supply a song, written in the same measures and with the same construction, to be sung, if as well, in place of the other and to the same noble air — The Marseillaise.

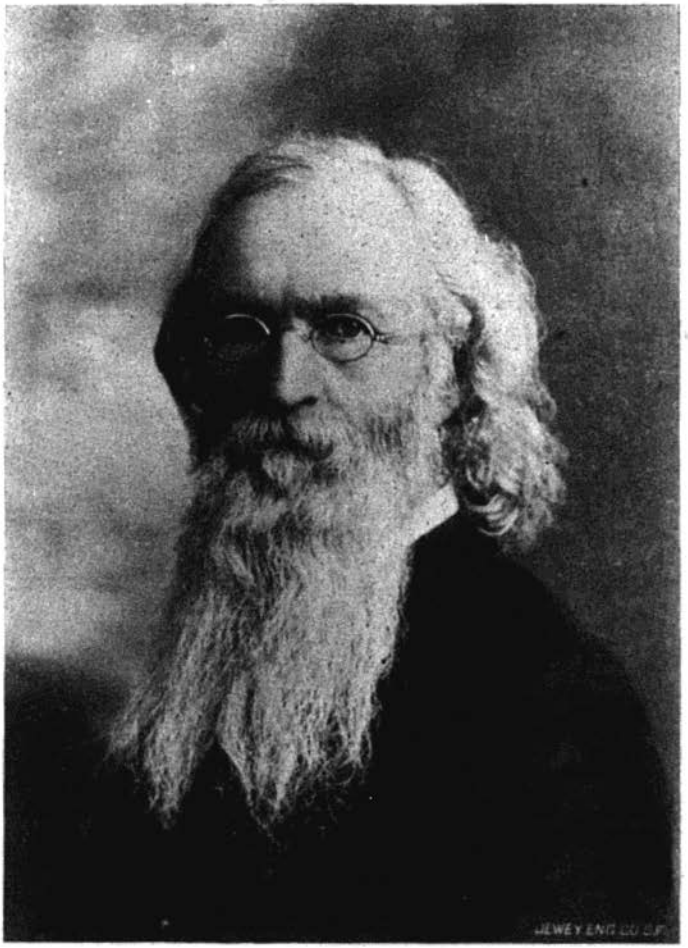
Awake, O Nation! wake from slumber!
The dawn is come! the day is nigh!
Arouse your hosts of countless number
And bid them lift the freeman's cry.
Yes, bid them raise the freeman's cry
Bid them exalt our country's story
By deeds that set the whole world free
And so fulfil man's destiny,
His splendid fate, his social glory.

CHORUS.

O Liberty! thy torch
Is gleaming in our sight,
Lead on! lead on!
All hearts inspire
For equity and right.
Lead on! lead on!
All hearts inspire
To dare and do the right

Not war evoked by hate infernal,
Nor brutal conflict, clan with clan,—
Our cause, inspired by thoughts fraternal,
Is war of man for fellow man,
The sacred war of man for man.
To break, for all, the chains of error
And gain for human kind release,
To win, for all, the day of peace,
And end the age-long Reign of Terror.
CHO.—

We count the selfish deed as treason,
The love of justice holy zeal:
We stand for Truth and Right and Reason,
For Commonwealth and Commonweal,
For world-wide common wealth and weal.
Our task, to nobly serve each other,
To build a kingdom great and free —
The empire of humanity,
Where every man is friend and brother.
CHO.—



JAMES G. CLARK

IN MEMORIAM.

"Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with flowers;
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore;
Ring the bell softly, there's one gone before!"

JAMES G. CLARK the prophet of the people, is no more. Short biographies have been written, brief expressions of regret have appeared in all liberal and some secular papers and periodicals. This is fitting, but falls far short of the tribute he has earned.

On Saturday night, October the 9th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. Morse of San Francisco, in a hall bedecked with flowers and evergreens, about fifty of Mr. Clark's tried and true friends met to remember his virtues. They gathered as a family of children might gather around the hearthstone to talk of a father's kindness and helpfulness. For the benefit of Mr. Clark's many friends throughout the world, whose letters of regret that "so little has been said of so great a man," have come by dozens since his passing away, we give the memorial service in full, believing that heart touches heart best in snatches of personal memory or experience, and that data of birth and death are valueless in comparison with the life-blood spent in *doing*, the real significance of which is lost in most obituaries and memoirs.

Mrs. Morse called the meeting to order as follows:

"Friends: We all understand that we are here tonight to honor the memory of the noblest of men, one of the purest, kindest souls that ever lived. We are here to remember what he has been to us individually and collectively—here to sing him a tribute of praise, a hymn of gratitude, from both the old friends and the new, for the benefits of his blessed ministration among us.

"There are a number of speakers on our programme, and we hope each will confine himself to the ten minutes allotted, that all may have opportunity to break the alabaster boxes of love that have been brought here for that purpose."

Prof. Carlyle Petersilea opened with Chopin's Funeral March. The next number was a song, "When the Mists have Rolled Away," music by James G. Clark, sung by E. Morse and Mme. Alice Waltz.

Mrs. Morse then spoke of her visit to James G. Clarke, while in the South spending vacation. "I knew he was sick," said she, "but did not dream how sick. I had trouble finding him, as he had removed from San Diego to Pasadena and no one seemed to know his address. When at last I took his emaciated hand in mine, a glance told me that he had sung his last song. He has been as a kind father to me for years, and it seemed, as I looked into his face, that life could not be lived without him. I said cheerfully, 'We will never cease to love the sweet singer of our Israel. I hope you will soon be on your feet again, and singing the wonted songs.' When he answered, 'I do not know,' the conviction forced itself that he had given up hope. Hope for the future of the people burned brightly, as of yore, though hope for self had failed him.

"It occurred to me to inquire concerning his financial condition. Mrs. M. R. Havens, the royal friend who cared for him the last suffering months, then explained that his means were exhausted, and his dependence was on the sale of his books and the kindness of his friends. A speechless horror fell upon me as this knowledge took hold of every fibre of my being.

"Must this forever be the fate of the world's tried and faithful workers? Will it be mine? Will it be that of my co-workers today? Beside my own little mite, what can I do in this case? These thoughts surged over me and filled me with fear for an instant; then the light shining across the white brow, where the death angel was writing his message calling this valiant worker home, reassured me. I felt that suffering, destitution, all things, were nothing in comparison to the glory shining from this ripened soul.

"Through blinding tears I found my way home, sat down to my desk, and wrote until midnight, reaching the editors of twenty-five liberal papers, with what results I did not know until since the change came. Some have feared that their help came too late, and to these, as well as for the comfort and consolation of us all, I will read an extract from Mrs. Havens' letter:

Dear Friend: Your kindness in writing to the different papers was as if you touched a spring that moved the hearts of the people all over this land, and five times a day the postman would bring piles of letters to the door of 154 E. Colorado St. The world had been hurrying by, and not often a letter had come to him for the last few months; but now they come warm from the hearts, and overflowing with love and appreciation, all bearing testimony of some rich blessing received from his words, his songs, or his poems—some going back in memory thirty or forty years, giving instances that he could not remember, but his eyes would fill with tears, such tears as might come to the eyes of the righteous when the King answered, "Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Yes, dear friend, these letters, full of love and blessing, were as if angels had come outside the gates and brought flowers to meet him.

Forty-five subscriptions were the result. I hope the subscriptions will continue, as there are doctors' bills, and we want to publish his unpublished poems."

This was folowed by a solo by Mme Alice Waltz, "Star of My Soul," of which both words and music were by Mr. Clark.

Professor J. S. Loveland was the first speaker of the evening. Said he:

"There are some persons who are predominantly intellectual. There are others who have the predominance of the emotional. The first persons have the head; the others have the heart. There are others who are a mingling of the two. They have both heads and hearts, and in some of them they are finely and beautifully balanced. James G. Clark belonged to the third class. He possessed a clear, clean intellect and a noble overflowing heart—a heart that felt not only for personal friends but for all the race, a heart that ever responded with sympathy for all the suffering of the world. These heart-beats of his incarnated themselves in the beautiful poems which have blest, and for years to come will continue to bless, mankind. I have been personally acquainted with James G. Clark, but my acquaintance with him as a soul is from his poems. I feel that my acquaintance takes in the whole of his life. It goes back to his boyhood days, takes in his prime, and

also the closing scenes of his earthly existence. He, in the poetic expression of his soul, gave voice to patriotic fervor when he wrote the poem 'Fremont's Battle Hymn,' but, in the main, his poems are of the heart. They are distinguished from some of our other poets. Bryant wrote only of nature. He could not get beyond the external beauties of nature. But brother Clarke, even when singing of the beauty of the hills, could not overlook the heart. 'The Evergreen Hills' of which he sung were not those before material vision, but the Evergreen Hills that rise from the shores of the ocean of Eternity—the hills of life. Largely and mainly he sang of the heart, and this is what I will call your attention to for a few minutes.

"In 'Love's Morning Call' he sings:

I've seen the wild waters encompass your form
As you reached in the darkness for comfort and light,
I've heard your low call in the din of the storm,
And felt your soft touch in the stillness of night;
Your life shall forget all the anguish it bore
When adrift and alone on a desolate deep;
The phantom of sorrow shall haunt you no more
'Mid the cares of the day nor in visions of sleep.

Oh! love is of being the glory and grace,
The power, the impulse, the voice, and the breath!
It can rest in the light of a dearly loved face,
Yet is stronger than edict and ruler o'er death;
If planets and systems between us should roll,
And our paths by the spaces be sundered apart,
I should know when a shadow swept over your soul,
And be swayed by the innermost pulse of your heart.

"This was written before we began to talk of telepathy, of souls reaching souls miles away, yet here the idea comes into the poet's mind that, even if one should be treading the paths of the hereafter, the smallest impulses of his love nature might be felt by the one on earth, and those of the one on earth by him in heaven. This is poetry. When he speaks of 'Love's immortality,' he says:

Oh, the gladness and glory
Of life and of time
When love's dual story
Is told in one rhyme!
When one face is pictured on brain and on eye,
And one name is written on rainbow and sky;
When the robins sing love through all seasons and changes,
And waves whisper love in the arms of the night;
When the years rise before us like green mountain ranges,
Whose cedars and myrtles are bathed in one light.

It may pass like the shower
That watered the earth
It may fade like the flower
That springtime gave birth;

The sun may go down on its gladness and bloom,
And the winter storm shroud it in drift and in gloom;
But the rain shall live on in the heart of the river,
The rose tint ascend to the cloud and the sky;
And the love that is ours shall enfold us forever;
When fountain, and river, and ocean are dry.

"Like all gifted souls, James G. Clark was a suffering soul—always smiling, to be sure, yet deep down in his nature there were stings which manifest themselves in his songs without being noticed by the masses.

"In the poem to 'Leona' he says:

Leona, the hour draws nigh,—
The hour we've waited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow:
The same touch that thrilled me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart:
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow; when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

"In the poem 'Going Home' he says:

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war, and pain,
Into power, peace, and gain,
Out of winter gale and gloom
Into summer breath and bloom.
From the wand'rings of the past
I am going home at last.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
Over there will righted be.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May;
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel, and know, and see,
God knew better far than we.

"All who study his poems will notice the minor refrain or undertone going through the whole. This looks back to disappointments and failures as far as the heart is concerned. This is especially striking in the poem, 'There are Islands in Love's Ocean.' We think the stroke of disappointment kills the earthly loves that inspire us, but they are never killed. True love is deathless, and though the earthly clouds may come over us in our earthly sojourn, the soul is born into other realms and we shall find that what seemed to be killed has a glorious resurrection. There our loves will live on forever, soul blending with soul, and in the brightness of that life we will, perhaps, rejoice over the very sorrows that swept us like ocean waves here on earth.

"In the poem, 'O! take me from the Festal Throng,' he sings:

Oh! take me from the festal throng,
  Where loving hearts grow false and cold,
And let me hear one burning song
  That thrilled my soul in days of old.
I may not feel that kindling flame,
  The trembling hope, the inward glow,
For dreams of beauty, love, and fame,
  Are faded lights of long ago.

There 's not a tone in Nature's voice,
  There 's not a ray by noon or night,
But lights the shrine of buried joys,
  Or tells a tale of lost delight,—
The morning's sun, the moon's pale beam,
  The stars that shine with fainter glow,
And bird and breeze, and lake and stream,
  Bring back the forms of long ago.

"In the "Exile's Return,' he sings:

My mountain home, my own green hills,
  I see your long-lost glories rise,
I hear the birds and gushing rills
  That roam beneath your clear blue skies;
Ah! here I dwelt in earlier years,
  When hopes were high and hearts were true,
Ere love's bright dream was dimmed with tears,
  And life had lost its rainbow hue.

"But as it is said by one of the poets, when the aching head was at rest and the troubled bosom stilled, so it is with James G. Clark to-night. He stands with all those who have passed away. The brightness of his soul is as a light that shines around us. His everlasting love is pulsing in us, and while we are here remembering his beloved face and gentle soul we are sure that he is here.

We feel that we are not speaking into the air. Dear brother, we greet you on the shores of time as one who has stepped on a few days ahead of us into the land immortal. The refrain of your beautiful songs is vibrating our souls just now, spreading over us the influence of peace and love, attracting us upward to the life everlasting. We might say farewell so far as the mortal is concerned, but not to the spirit. Farewell to the earth, but all hail to the heavens.

Professor Albert Ross, his lifelong friend, next added tribute to his memory: —

"Friends. The former speaker has covered the ground so beautifully that I shall confine myself for a few moments to my personal experience with James G. Clark. I cannot speak of his poems without recalling personal things, having known much of his writings, and having talked them over with him and read them at his concerts.

"He was a much-prized friend. We frequently spent vacations together. In the fall of 1861 I met him at Danville, N. Y. He was then a patient at Dr. Jackson's water cure. He was in the early prime of his life, bright and buoyant in spirit. As I knew him then he has ever since been. He wrote a poem when he was just able to sit up in bed, while at the water cure, called "The Evergreen Mountains of Life." I will read it because it illustrates his religious views.

There 's a land far away mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time;
Where pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime:
'T is the land of our God, 't is the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal
On the evergreen mountains of life.

"No man was more religious than he, and yet to many of the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarene he was a heretic. His was a religion of the heart and not of creed. There is music in every line of his poetry. Although not a poet of nature in the sense that Bryant was, he drew much of his inspiration from nature, and I never knew one who knew more of the spiritual than James G. Clark.

"You are familiar with his poem 'Marion Moore.' I had a desire to know who she was, believing she had lived as do we, but I hesitated to ask him until one day when he sat at the organ composing some music I ventured to ask him the question, 'Will you tell me who Marion Moore was?' He laughed heartily and said, 'I do not know;' then he gave the history of the poem as follows: 'The word Marion haunted me day and night. I associate it with Watkin's Glen, a watering place. I took a walk one evening to the lake shore, about a mile from the village. I was in one of me moods, and the words were written there with the waves breaking at my feet. The day had gone over the western hills in the beautiful October sunset. It was then and there I composed that poem.'

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Gone like the bird in the autumn that singeth,
Gone like the flower by the wayside that springeth,
Gone like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
Round the lone rock on a storm-beaten shore.

I will remember thee, Marion Moore,—
I shall remember, alas, to regret thee;
I shall regret thee when all others forget thee
Deep in my breast will the hour that I met thee
Linger and burn till life's fever is o'er.

Peace to thee, Marion, Marion Moore,—
Peace which the queens of the earth cannot borrow,
Peace from a kingdom that crowned thee with sorrow:
Oh! to be happy with thee on the morrow,
Who would not fly from this desolate shore?

"Mr. Clark was not a dreamer,—he was one who took in the situation. He was acted upon by environment. His eyes and heart were always open to surroundings where he might do good by word or poem. When at Mt. Shasta he said, 'I want to write a poem about Mt. Shasta when the time comes.' I often asked him about it, but he would reply, 'Not yet; I am not ready.' He wrote a poem, however, that is as the foothills to the lower mountains, entitled, 'The Voice of the Mountains.' Mr. Clark took in individualities, as well as generalities. He was at one time stopping with a friend in a Western city. His friend's wife had a sister stopping there also. A wealthy young man invited him and his friends to visit a mine. The young man had recently been married, but he showed a great deal of atten-

tion to the young sister of his friend's wife. Mr. Clark took in the situation and wrote the poem, 'The Woman and the Angel.' He describes the place, but said that he really wrote it because of the interest he felt in the welfare of the young lady. He wrote the poem at night at the hotel, and read it next morning to his friend's wife. She asked for a copy, which she sent to her young sister. Sometime later he received a letter saying, 'Your poem saved my sister.' This is something of the work our friend, James G. Clark, has been doing all his life."

Mr. Alfred Cridge was the next to remember the virtues of the fallen hero. Said he: "In 1850, in a small village in western New York, I first met James G. Clark. I never saw him after that until 1867, in San Jose, California. It was then I received a little of his music, particularly 'The Beautiful Hills.' Early in the sixties we sang it in our family. I have kept it ever since, and think it one of the most beautiful poems in our language. I look upon James G. Clark not only as an equal, but in true poetry superior, to the standard poets, both the old and the new. He made us press forward to things that lie before us, looking toward the millennium of human progress. No poetry is worth anything that looks always backward. In my work along reform lines on a somewhat lower plane, I have ofttimes felt like a ship in a storm. The storm raved, the ship rocked and pitched, but amidst the blackness of the storm and waves would come a rift in the clouds. What was it?—The poetry of James G. Clark.

"There has been a great error in not giving more attention to music and poetry, which go hand in hand. Mr. Clark's poems ought all to be set to music, published, circulated, and sung everywhere. So long as he was alive and could sing them himself, it was well; but now he is gone they should be sung by us that remain.

"California has been especially favored in the line of progressive poets. Richard Realf's compositions were not free from melancholy circumstances, but there is life behind them which will never die. Charlotte Perkins Stetson is another poet, of wholly different type, remarkable for originality and quaintness of expression. She is gone from us now to the East. We have still one

more, Mrs. Francis M. Milne. Her poems should be known and appreciated while she yet lives."

The song, "Star of My Soul." was rendered by Mme. Alice Waltz.

Dr. Cora A. Morse then said:—

"Friends, there is one thing standing out in my memory of James G. Clark stronger than any other, and this I will relate:—

"Several years ago, I was in clouds and darkness when one morning he came into my room with his usual kindly greeting. He soon discovered that all was not well with my soul, and asked me what the matter was. In my selfish complaining I said, 'Life is a failure, and I am not going to live it any longer.' He looked shocked and sad a moment, then turned and left the room. In a half hour he returned with a manuscript in his hand, and said, 'Have you seen "My Infinite Mother?"' 'No,' said I. Then he said, 'Little woman, put away the world and its worries, the house and its work, and let me read the poem, for *my* mother is your mother too. He sat holding my hand, and read me that glorious message of the universal life principle, the mother of us all. He took me out of myself, and I have been living a larger life ever since. I caught a glimpse of the life universal, and looking into his clear eyes my soul learned to pray, 'Hallowed be thy name.' He had become a redeemer to me.

"We are all interested in the last words of our friends as they pass from our sight. Here is a letter from Mrs. Havens which records some of the things which occurred within the last forty-eight hours of his life:—

From the night he was taken sick, the 29th of December, he could not *feel* that he was going to get well, but planned and left written instructions in regard to the publication of a new book of poems he had commenced writing, and dictated messages to friends and co-workers in the cause of humanity. These are yet to be published. He wrote several little poems and fragments of poems while he lay sick. About two weeks before he died, he said, "Now if I only had the strength I could write the greatest poems of my life. I *feel* and see what I am not in any condition to express. The last day before the end came, Thursday — he died on Friday, about four o'clock P. M. — he was clairvoyant and clairaudient. Every little while he would call me to his bed and tell me of some beautiful dream which he said was so *real* he could not release himself from its presence. He dreamed he was drifting out in mid-ocean. I asked him if it was in a ship. He

said, "No, right in the water." I said that it was not a pleasant dream. He said, "Oh yes, it was *delightful*. I was so comfortable, and not a bit anxious, and finally I got where some one helped me up where everything was so beautiful; but it was a *new* shore. I had never been on that side before." Again he called me and said, "Oh, what a beautiful dream I had! How *real* these little glimpses of life are that come to me in this way!" Then he said, "I saw my mother. Her face seems to be right by me now. And in my dream she told me she was going to give me a grand reception, that the children were all going to be at home and we would all be together again; and her face was so radient with joy. It seemed strange to me, for everything was so rich and beautiful; but it seemed that mother had received some inheritance, and she was rich and everybody was happy and at work getting ready. She sent me to get the lights from Henry Ward Beecher's church, and I waked up." Again he said, "Oh, I see my father and Melvin! Oh, my father's face is so young and happy, beaming with light! How he grasped my hand! I feel it yet thrilling me through and through. How real is the joy of meeting! I see mother, father, Melvin and Dora. One such dream as this makes me forget the months of suffering. It is as if suffering never had been." At midnight he was much worse. Between the spasms of pain there would be an hour or two, and at such times he would cuddle down on his left side with his left arm reaching around his neck and the right hand extended over the side of the bed, where his fingers would be touching the keys or keeping time as if he still heard in his soul the music of life's wonderful melodies. At last he said, "I'm easy now. Let me rest!" And in a few moments we noticed that his breathing had ceased, and discovered that he had passed out without a sigh or motion or struggle. He just fell asleep.

Then followed the song, "Old Musician and his Harp."

Mrs. Lida Hickok read, "Lord Keep my Memory Green."

Thomas G. Newman, editor philosophical journal, referred to the motto on the easel, "Lord Keep My Memory Green," saying: "If there is one thing more dear than another it is that our memories be kept green when we have passed from the stage of being. Our brother, whom we have met this evening to remember, was called the poet of the people, and his memory shall be kept green through the coming years. His songs have entered into the very lives of men. His poems have cheered the people's hearts and saved them from many ills. They will keep his memory green forever. That dream our sister has just read, which blest his life as he was passing away, in which he seemed floating on the ocean by the other shore, was a strange one, but there were father and mother and the family who waited to welcome him to the reunion, — the mother for whom he wrote the beautiful lines, 'Upon the Evergreen Shores of Life,' in response to a request for a hymn.

"The other shore! We are preparing here by deeds of kindness the robes we must wear there. We, too, will be leaving soon

for that other shore. The last time I met our brother he came into my office. He handed me the manuscript of his poem, 'The City of the Clouds,' and said, 'Print that in the Journal.' I did so, and that was our farewell."

John H. Marble spoke with emphasis and tenderness:—

"Some one one has said that great men are gateways of the Infinite. It is very true and beautiful, and yet, unless something else is said, it seems to me not to describe quite the greatest mission of great men. Such a man was James G. Clark, and what I would say of him might be said of Morris, Whitman, or any other man of like attainment, like powers and like goodness. Such men come to us always as the interpreters of humanity. It is nothing that a great man has lived if his greatness is in himself and not part of humanity. If an angel had appeared and written Clark's songs, and sung them to us, it would have meant little, but that a man should have done these things for humanity has power and beauty and greatness in it. And his effort, first and foremost, to bring such opportunities to all men and women that they might develop the power in them, proves his greatness.

"It is the peculiar office of great men to interpret men to each other, to interpret humanity to mankind.

"We do not know each other; we are not doing deeds worth doing; not thinking thoughts worth thinking; not saying things worth saying. We are wasting ourselves. We are wasting each other. We are wasting the time that is given us. In the end it will come to nothing.

"Clark, Morris, Whitman, and others have drawn our attention to each other, and by teliing us of the common life of humanity, the possibility which lies before each human soul, have given meaning to life and shown us something worth doing.

"If we really do wish to keep James G. Clark's memory green, we can only do it by giving ourselves to the things to which he gave himself. To repeat his name, or carve it in granite—he would not value that; he would despise that. To forget his name, his face, and all the form that the soul wore here, and to take his work and do it—that is keeping his memory green. The men

are here. The women are here. Humanity never dies. The work is to be done. Children are growing up in darkness, are working when they should be in school. Women are working when they should be at home. Men, when they should be resting and studying, are held in the endlessness of toil.

"If we really do admire James G. Clark, if we really think his life worth living, if we really mean anything more than being amused by his poems, we will not rest by day or by night, we will not give ourselves peace or joy in anything, unless we have done our duty—our fair share—and that is all that we can do—to complete the work to which he gave himself, and in giving, proved his greatness by proving his humanity."

Mrs. Alice Moore McComas added her tribute to the man who was both friend and co-worker:

"This is an unexpected, pleasant, yet sad task to me.

"I have recently come from Los Angeles, where I have been closely associated with James G. Clark in the woman-suffrage campaign, the silver campaign, and other reform works during the past three years. He has been a great help to me in my life and work, and we will miss him sadly in future efforts for reform. Busy as he as, much was he had to do, there was never a time when he would not stop on the sidewalk to say a pleasant word to me and give courage and advice in the work we were trying to do. When we were busy in the silver cause, if an article was necessary to answer some antagonist, all I had to do was to send a request to J. G. Clark. He always responded. He was never known to refuse. He was one of those great souls who know how to make time. Never will his influence die. It will be our inspiration in all future endeavor for the human weal."

Rev. J. E. Scott remembered Mr. Clark as an acquaintance of thirty years ago, remembered him "sitting in a Presbyterian church at the melodeon playing and singing his heart songs. His fine physique, beautiful face, and warmth and richness of voice made him seem almost superhuman. A few years ago, when I was preaching at Menlo Park, he rang my door bell one day and stood smiling into my face. I did not at first recognize him, age had changed him so; but the songs were still in his soul. He held

several meetings in my church, which were a great delight to my people. He put new life into our work and new courage into our hearts. Peace to his memory."

In closing, Mrs. Morse said: "We are grateful for the outpourings of the hearts here to-night. James G. Clark's life has been like a gleam of white light which is to you and me like the white light of the engine showing the way. His mind was like the sparks therefrom, marking its track or course, and should be leadings for us to follow, carrying us to greater distances along the road to Freedom. He always impressed me as a sort of a Christ-spirit. At one time, while visiting in my home and during an animated conversation with friends, I studied his expression in search of the cause behind such manifestation of life and power, and decided that his unselfishness and devotion to principle were the divine sculptors who chiseled so perfect a face.

"One more herald of the dawn has passed into the twilight. Now that he is gone, the burden upon us to do and to be is heavier than ever. In fancy I hear his voice calling, 'Where are the message bearers? Who will fill the broken ranks?' This should be answered by every soul of us, 'Here am I; send me.'

"The mallet and chisel of his devotion and self-sacrifice is his bequest to us. He left them within our reach. Let us grasp them and deal blow upon blow until not only the angels of our own being but those of all human kind shall stand revealed from the adamantine rocks of human prejudice and ignorance. Let us do the work so thoroughly that the world will be filled with freemen and there be no room left for a slave.

"Though the curtain has rung down on the last act in the drama of his life, we know that the vibrations of his living, loving thought will ring down the ages to come. Life and love cannot die. The radiance of such an example can not be obscured—no eclipse can darken it and no lapse of years enshroud it. It has become a living, pulsing activity that will move the hearts of the people forever. The service was closed by singing, 'Shall We Gather at the River.'"


The Season's Greetin
Dr. Cora A. Morse.
Dr. Mary A. Janney.
Roy L. Bernier.



GREETINGS.

THE COMING LIGHT gives cordial greeting to all its reader. Although in part a continuation of the *Rays of Truth*, yet, as its field of thought is much wider than its predecessor's, it is proper that it make special introduction to its readers. The *Rays of Truth* was an experimental attempt to introduce a new feature into magazine journalism, having special reference to the form of thought embraced in modern Spiritualism. But it had no organized corps of contributors, editorial or otherwise. It was also hampered in other respects, making it, to some extent, unsatisfactory to its projector. These defects have been overcome, and the COMING LIGHT comes before the public with a more comprehensive purpose, and with a regular corps of able writers, prepared to interest and instruct the public. It will not be limited to any simple specialty of thought or action. Its aim is the welfare of the entire humanity, and it will, therefore, voice all its wants and seek redress for all its wrongs.

With the broadest charity for human ignorance, and deepest sympathy for its frailties, the COMING LIGHT will turn the searchlight of fearless investigation and exposure upon all the evil practices by which the people are deluded and ensnared. But it will ever keep in mind that individuals are largely the victims of systems evolved by the ignorance of ages past. They are still our brothers.

Profoundly impressed that we are in the midst of the greatest crisis of history, that "the destinies of mankind are trembling in the balances," it will be the unremitting effort of its promoters to converge all the energies at their command to the establishment of fraternity and the inauguration of the Co-operative Commonwealth. Its ideal is brotherhood in feeling and action, resulting in "Peace on earth and good will to men."

With this frank declaration of purpose we earnestly invite our readers to write in, giving us a large circulation, thus aiding in the effort to benefit and bless our fellows.

The COMING LIGHT greets its readers not as an absolutely new aspirant for public favor, but as the successor of *Rays of Truth*. Nevertheless, it is proposed to make it essentially new, as it will cover a much broader field of thought and will seek to get at the root of our present imperfect and vicious religious, social, and governmental systems. It purposes to voice the best, the profoundest thought of the age, and to discuss the living problems of the times, and point out the available remedy for existing evils. The subscribers to *Rays of Truth* will receive the COMING LIGHT instead, and we trust will be more than satisfied with the change. It has required time and effort to complete the arrangements for a change of basis, and to make the publication an assured success. We are sure that our readers will be satisfied with the delay of publication when they receive this initial number, and we hope each one will secure us one or more subscribers for the ensuing year.

OUR DRESS.

READER! How do you like our bran new dress? We didn't get it at a bargain counter. It is "all wool and a yard wide," and cost every dollar it is worth. Don't you think Uncle Samuel and Aunt Columbia ought to approve of its triune colors? Arn't you interested to know why we selected it?

Well, wait until our next issue, in which the reasons therefor will appear in full. We have reasons other than patriotic ones. See if you can't "catch the vibrations," and find them out in advance of the January number.

THE AMERICAN EMPIRE.

BOTH the advocates and the opponents of Hawaiian annexation are failing to dismiss the really vital point of the whole matter. The Sugar Trust and the beet-sugar manufacturers, represented locally by the San Francisco *Call*, are vigorously opposing the consolidation of the two governments, for purely commercial reasons. the opposition to the Sugar Trust and the strong financial interests controlled by, or in sympathy with, the Hawaiian plantation-owners, represented locally by the San Francisco *Examiner*, are as vigorously favoring the consolidation of the two governments for reasons as purely commercial.

And yet the commercial considerations are quite the least important in the matter. Back of the question of the fortunes of the Sugar Trust, the beet-refiners, and the plantation owners, lies the question of the fortunes of the less powerful but infinitely more important mass of the people of the two countries. And back of the financial well-being of the people lies the more fundamental question of their integrity as human beings, their freedom from fraud and coercion, and their liberty as individuals and as peoples to order the conditions of their lives instead of being ordered by others.

Tried by this test, the annexation proposition is, from the standpoints of both the American and the Hawaiian peoples, an injury, an insult, and a shame. If the President and Senate of the United States may modify our government by the amalgamation with a weak nation, they may still further modify it by amalgamation with a stronger one, and radically and even destructively modify it by amalgamation with one of the great powers. Whether or not the step taken is bad, the assumption of the power to take it is altogether bad, despotic, revolutionary, un-Republican, un-Democratic, and un-American. The people have never voted for it. The official who acts without authority from the people is an usurper.

The protest on behalf of the Hawaiian people may be put in even stronger terms. For them annexation is not so much the forming of a relationship as the completion of a subjugation. The Hawaiian people, the Kanakas, are being robbed not only of their

homes and government, but of themselves. They are already, as a result of their kindly reception of the first missionaries, far on the dark road already trodden by the Indian tribes of this continent.

The annexation of Hawaii is but another indication that the Empire is beginning, and that the Republic is but a memory and a form.

JOHN H. MARBLE.

THE UNION REFORM LEAGUE.

WE publish elsewhere an article by the Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, national organizer of "The Union Reform League." The article speaks for itself, but we desire to call especial attention to the League. Its simply declared object is:

"To work for the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth by organizing public opinion on lines of civic, State, national and universal co-operation; to prepare the way for a civilization based, not upon self-interest, but upon fraternity and justice, where all men shall co-operate as brothers for the common weal, as taught by Christ and by the great and good of every age."

The League presents, we believe, the most hopeful prospect yet before the public for effective work in social reform. It has no creed limitations of any kind, yet its note is friendly, human and ethical. In its meetings, church men and those of no church, Roman Catholics and Protestants, humanitarians, and those of all views, are already found. It recognizes woman's work and woman's position equally with men. On its executive committee are an equal number of men and women. The League has already found a large welcome. Branches are formed, or are being formed, in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Fruitvale, Vallejo, and other places, while Mr. Bliss has invitations to present the work in Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Los Angeles, and elsewhere. The League will soon be spread over all the coast, and finally over the whole country. With men and women equally at its head, with broadest basis, yet strong, high spirit, it promises to be the coming reform movement of the land. Inquiries about it can be sent to our office. Give it your co-operation.

DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

HENRY GEORGE, the true patriot and the people's friend, has dropped in the harness and left us his work to finish. People of all nations were melted to tears when the word of his demise flashed over the land and under the sea. Millions felt the loss of this loyal brother, this earnest champion of the right. Yet there are those of his enemies who regard his death as a "special providence." Perhaps it is the same kind of a "special providence" as was the hanging of John Brown; the providence that raised up millions in his place with cool heads and hot hearts that never rested until black slavery was abolished; the same "special providence" that built to the memory of Theodore Parker the Unitarian churches of Christendom, whose spires forever plead for larger religious liberty; the same "special providence" manifested in the death of Thomas Paine; the providence that gathered earnest men and women of all climes to the defense of shackled humanity, and has given them no rest night or day to the present hour, but pushes them onward to the establishment of that full liberty for man, woman, and child for which he lived and died.

Ere long we will build the monument of the new civilization for which Henry George labored with his living and dying energies. If men and women are massed in numbers sufficiently strong to do the speedy building, then indeed may his death become to us a "special providence."

Let each of us lay as an immortelle upon his grave lives of self-sacrifice and devotion to his principles.

TIMELY WARNING.

REV. FATHER DUCEY'S warning note concerning the crisis impending ought to be echoed from every pulpit and platform in Christendom. No note is too startling, no cry too far reaching to rouse the people from their lethargy. Ignorance more than intent has legislated such thralldom. The pulpit is the near approach to millions of people, and ought to be their last educator.

The man of God who is too holy to enunciate the whole truth about the crimes of usury and bribery, who is too righteous to

carry the cause of the hungry and destitute into his pulpit for discussion, who is too weak to bear the sun blaze of *to-day's* revelation, is not a safe man to trust with the salvation of your soul for another world. Urge upon your minister the necessity of action. Send him the new-time pamphlets and books, talk to him, invite him to the lectures of earnest men and women who *feel* the exigencies of the hour and see the necessity of reconstruction; take him with you to the quarters of the city where the air is heavy with groans, where the soul-sick, sin-sick, bodily-sick "images of God" are dying by inches. Pursue him until the spirit of truth and justice opens his mouth in rebuke of wrongs practiced in the name of religion and just government, and in defense of the sufferers therefrom. This kind of missionary work will not cost a fabulous sum; just a little effort will do the work and make every pulpit and platform in our land a *real* means of saving grace. Sister woman, this is your work.

DRESS REFORM.

FOLLOWING in the line of work inaugurated by the "Kenwood Corset and Dress Association," which has been endorsed by the "Federation of Woman's Clubs" and the "Chicago Woman's Club," the women of Portland, Oregon, are urging dress reform upon their sex. The first step is in the direction of a sensible rainy-day costume. Public meetings have been largely attended by both men and women, and when the desirability of the costume was put to vote every man in the house voted for it by promptly rising to his feet. This is encouraging, as hundreds of women have been held in bondage to dress by man's ideas of propriety.

Dr. Laura M. Smith, who is at the head of this reform movement, and who for years has worn the rainy-day costume, says in a private letter that many designers are at work evolving the most serviceable and available garment possible, both as regards shape and material. This movement should spread like a contagion to every city on the globe. It should not stop at the rainy day costume, but should insist on short dresses for all street occasions. Woman may clamor for equal rights until doomesday to no

purpose unless she puts herself on an equal footing of ease and freedom. Woman can never be her brother's equal until relieved of the trammels of heavy clothing hanging from her hips, impeding every movement of body and limbs. If the ideal of Greek perfection of form together with supple movement is ever to become a race inheritance, it will only be when woman has emancipated herself from slavery to fashion which stifles the breath, weakens the muscles, influences the nerves, and disseminates disease. All this the fashionable dress does. Bands must be tight to keep the skirt from slipping about. The weight of the average skirt is a tax on delicate muscles, while the fullness at the back generates abnormal heat which irritates the nerves at a sensitive plexus far-reaching in its effects. The long skirt sweeps up the filth from the streets and carries it into the home, to become the nucleus of disease that would never otherwise enter there. Many a physician can throw light upon the subject of disease germs in dress skirts. Every law of beauty and decency is on the side of the short dress, hanging from the shoulders, both as regards comfort and utility. We hope there will be a dress-reform crusade, beginning in Portland and ending only where civilization ends.

NOTES.

A NOVELTY IN ART.

An article will appear in our January number which will treat of the uses of the yucca plant in art, which will both interest and instruct our readers. Meantime those who are partial to novelties in art can purchase some rare specimens by sending to Mrs. L. Hickok, 597 Fell Street, this city, where numerous designs, painted on yucca wood, can be obtained at prices varying from $1.00 to $5.00. These make beautiful Christmas remembrances. Those prefering to do their own decorating, can purchase material of her.

Send for list of designs and prices. Card in another column.

Opening the way for a general comparison of ideas, as we have, is not saying that we will publish everything from every source.

We reserve the right to reject anything undesirable, to cut articles which are too lenghty, when it can be done without destroying the sense, and to strike out objectionable things. In short, we must use our own judgment as to what shall appear in our columns, both as regards subject matter and style of expression.

The line, however, will never be drawn to exclude the uneducated man or woman who has real things to say in the departments known as the *Message Department* of

under the head of *Notes, Comments and Extracts.* New departments may be added from time to time as manifest interest demands. Who will send contribution Number One to either department?

We will not be responsible for the opinions expressed by any writer. Each must bear whatever criticism may fall. Our business is to give all sides a hearing, and stand responsible for our own utterances only.

We have given space to the Union Reform League and its work in this issue. If our brethren representing other reforms will "write up" the cause they represent, we will be pleased to give it space in another issue.

It is our purpose to have a calendar, giving time of meetings, names of speakers, and other items connected with the meetings, which will call attention to them and interest the thoughtful public.

For the benefit of Eastern readers it is our purpose to present, from time to time, views of important places in California, and in fact, the entire West. The views in this issue are from the book, "Yosemite, as I Saw It" reviewed in another column.

James G. Clark's unpublished poems are to be added to those already published, and, together with his soul-inspiring songs and some of his best prose writings, will be bound in new form and offered to the public as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made for so-doing. This will be welcome news to his many admiring friends. Report of progress in future numbers of this magazine.

Much valuable matter is crowded out of this issue which will appear in future numbers of the magazine. We have an excellent corps of writers and a continual feast is in store for our readers.

The article on "Proportional Representation" by Alfred Cridge, which appears in this issue, will be continued in our next and followed by another on the same subject from the pen of Catherine H. Spence, of Adelaide, South Australia.

A very interesting article by Rev. J. S. David on "Sex and Marriage," which is the continuation of one on same subject appearing in a late number of *Rays of Truth* will appear complete in our next.

Two very excellent articles by J. H. Marble are crowded out of this issue to make room for the James G. Clark memorial, but will appear in the January number.

Allowance must be made for all typographical errors and other discrepancies which appear in this issue, as the result of limited time, and the general scurry incident to first issues.

Special attention is called to the COMING LIGHT artist, Mr. F. P. Schall, whose creations adorn our pages and cover, and whose card appears in another column.

He is a young man of rare artistic talent who will surprise our readers with *apropos* illustrations which his genius will devise during the ensuing year. He has been a student of the Art Institute and also of Smith's Academy, under the Julian Academy system, Chicago. His specialty is designs for papers, books, and magazines, and though a comparative stranger in our city, he is being sought by publishers far and near. Any one desiring his services can address him care of this office, and will find him not only a genial gentleman but an artist capable of catching the inspirations of the hour and of transferring them to paper with great skill and accuracy.



THIS Childrens' Department is going to try to become one of the things that are worth while. It is begun, and it is to be hoped, will live and grow, with one idea stronger than all others. That is that nothing is too good, or too bright, or too witty, or too full of the beauty of earth and sea and sky and human nature, for the children. Its writer only fears that he does not know enough to write to the children—not that he knows so much that he will have to leave some of it unsaid in order that they may understand the balance. He will do the best he can, and, both in what he writes and in what he borrows from the writings of others, will search always for something for the children that is just a little better than anything the grown ups can find in the other pages of the magazine.

So much for what the Children's Department will be. Now just a word as to who will be the department's children. They, it is hoped, will be just everybody who reads the magazine, no matter whether they are so young and so little that they have to spell out the words a letter at a time, or so old that they have to take off their glasses every other line and rub them very carefully in order that they may see any letters at all. For everybody who

reads the magazine has all the nature of a child, or else something has gone wrong. Of course some of the older ones have added somewhat to the child-nature,—that is what growing up means. But that only means that they can read and like the other parts of the magazine, and this department too—that is, if it is good enough for any child to like. This department is for the child-side of human beings, no matter whether they are in knickerbockers or silk hats. And it knows that if it is bright enough, and wise enough, and beautiful enough for the child of five, it will do all right for the child of forty.

Some months we will hear what some of the great poets have written for and about children. How many of us, I wonder, have read William Blake's poems of childhood, or Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses?" Other months we will listen to the story-tellers, and the greatest of them are the ones that have most truly written to the child. We shall also hear something about children, the children of palaces and the children of workshops that are too dirty and dark and horrid for anybody to be in. For there are child-princes and child drudges in the world, although it is very strange and very wicked that it should be so. Last of all—that is until something else is thought of, and this will not be last of all—we will try together to look into the meaning of the world and of ourselves. We shall try to find out just why a lie is not so good as a truth, and why a sham is not so good as a real thing, and why an ugly thing is less to be liked than a beautiful one. If we really succeed in this, we shall know more than a good many of the grown-ups, for they let lies and shams and ugliness continue in the world, and in their lives, and in their natures, just as if they thought they were as good as truths and realities and beauties.

This, then, is the children's department, for the child in all of us, and especially for the younger ones, for they are about the wisest and worthiest of the children.





By JOHN H. MARBLE

RUSKIN.

Of old song Chaucer of the Flower and Leaf;
The mirthful singer of the golden time;
And sweet birds' song throughout his daisied rhyme
Rang fearless; for our cities held no grief
Dumb in their blackened hearts beneath the grime,
Of factory and furnace, and the sheaf
Was borne in gladness at the harvest-time.

So now the Seer would quicken our belief;
"Life the green leaf," saith he, and "Art the flower,"
Blow winds of Heaven about the hearts of men,
Come love, and hope, and helpfulness, as when
On fainting vineyard falls the freshening shower;
Fear not that life may blossom yet again,
A nobler beauty from a purer power!"

— *H. Bellyse Baildon.*

I have always thought that more true force of persuasion might be obtained by rightly choosing and arranging what others have said than by painfully saying it again in one's own way.—*Ruskin, in Fors Clavigera.*

One's self I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.

— *Walt Whitman.*

Defiant of ostensible literary and other conventions, I avowedly chant "the great pride of man in himself," and permit it to be more or less a *motif* of nearly all my verse. I think this pride indispensable to an American. I think it not inconsistent with obedience, humanity, deference, and self-questioning.— *Walt Whitman.*

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead

to you is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible society, vote with a great party, either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers—under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your work and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself.—*Emerson.*

How true, for example, is that other old fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the roadside propounding her riddle to the passers, which, if they could not answer, she destroyed them! Such a Sphinx is this life of ours, to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her celestial beauty—which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half imprisoned — the articulate, lovely, still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, "Knowest thou the meaning of this Day? What thou canst do To-day, wisely attempt to do." Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnamable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleading, fiercely devouring. Thou art not now her victorious bridegroom; thou art her mangled victim, scattered on the precipices, as a slave found recreant and treacherous ought to be and must.— *Carlyle.*

Since man first awoke to the consciousness of his being, social progress has been chiefly the development of the self-knowledge

and independent powers of the individual. The freedom and equipment of the individual for a fair rivalry with his fellows has been the fundamental thought of modern political philosophy and activity. But we are now seeing that there can be no true individual development except through association; no individual freedom except through social unity.— *Herron.*

This, then, is the ballot-box, ... by far the best, and indeed the only good electoral winnowing-machine — if men have souls in them. Totally worthless, it is true, and even hideous and poisonous, if men have no souls. But without souls, alas, what winnowing-machine in human elections can be of avail? We cannot get along without soul; we stick fast, the mournfulest spectacle; and salt itself will not save us.— *Carlyle.*

"Regenerate the individual" is a half-truth; the reorganization of the society which he makes and which makes him is the other half. Man alone cannot be a Christian. Institutions are applied beliefs. The love of liberty became liberty in America by clothing itself in the complicated group of structures known as the government of the United States. Love is a half-truth, and kissing is a good deal less than half of that. We need not kiss all our fellow men, but we must do for them all we ask them to do for us — nothing less than the fullest performance of every power. To love our neighbor is to submit to the discipline and arrangement which make his life reach its best, and so do we best love ourselves.— *Henry D. Lloyd.*

If you fail in your duty to men, how can you serve spirits?

He who renovates the people reaches the borders of extreme virtue.

To know what is just, and not to practise it, is cowardice.
— *Confucius.*

Gold is worth but gold; love is worth love.— *Swinrne.*

SOME NEEDS OF THE HOUR.

FIRST STEPS.

SO great are the emergencies of the times, so manifold are the needs of the race, so almost hopeless is the task of meeting either, or of even suggesting probable remedies, that it is with some trepidation we open this department. It seems to us, however, that sometime, someway, the angel of intelligence will release us from the prisons of ignorance where we now are languishing—that by candid expression of opinion regarding present needs as we see them, by a careful comparison of experience, some strides may be made toward the goal we are seeking. Like pilgrims in a strange land we wander about mingling with companions who have been lifetime friends, each knowing nothing of the others inmost thoughts. We are as distinctly removed from each other as though a limitless ocean rolled between us, each praying for the unity that makes one family altar for the whole race, yet uncertain as to what must be done to bring it about. Intuitively we know that change is necessary before the gulf between the classes is widened. We have unconsciously become the slaves of a certain accepted order of things, and are held prisoners by them. We feel immeasurably more than we ever attempt to express, partly because we fear the very evolution our own thoughts bring, and partly because we fear the ridicule which we are satisfied is in store for us if we confide in friends. We have never been allowed to think independently. As children we have obeyed; as youths we have been taught to believe; as adults we are floundering around, trying to decide what we do know, and more often than otherwise dying while yet halting between two opinions. Mother Grundy is not honest with us, nor we with her, and this distrust of each other is based upon the conventionalities which encompass and ensnare us. While it may be true that "all roads lead to

Rome," there is nevertheless a broad highway on which all men may travel if they will. It is the almost deserted highway of common honesty. Here we find the grass overgrowing the almost obscure footprints of those who occasionally travel the way. There are few enticements, fewer guide boards, and the blood hounds of disapproval are baying at every turn, but it is the only certain direction—the last hope of a decaying civilization. If we are ready to take the first step, the rest will be comparatively easy. If we will insulate ourselves for a time from the currents of thought in our immediate environment, and analyze carefully the things we really feel, and the facts we have really discovered to be truths to us, and state them without reserve when called upon for expression of opinion upon the vital issues of life, the foundation stones will soon be laid for more worthy building than we are now doing, and soon it *will* "appear what we shall be." A pitiable condition exists in nearly all homes. Husband and wife are perfect strangers to each other. Parents and children have no appreciation of each other, no common ground on which to stand. These strained relations extend to the schools, churches, and busy marts, until but few people can be found who do not confess to a sense of isolation, a feeling of being out of touch with the world at large and the universe in general. We are great overgrown babies crying for the spiritual and mental nourishment we need, which exists, and which would be ours if we knew how to find it.

If we continue to shut up our best thoughts, to stifle our honest convictions of right for any cause whatever, we are but cutting off the influx of light, life and power that will come to us if we endeavor to make ourselves understood. We are not *thinking* alone more than we are living alone. "Our own" are scattered all over the world, waiting to be *called* to become our strength and our salvation. They are groping in the dark to find us just as we are reaching after them. Concealment of intent and purpose can not bear the fruit of revealed truth. Therefore the way out of our unrest and sorrow, our ignorance and sin, is to cast aside the cloaks in which we are masquerading, and speak the truth as we understand it. No one will be injured. It is false that the world is not

ready to discuss life's problems. Such assumption comes from our own cowardice. Our friends and neighbors may be more brave than we. We need to get acquainted, and not assume that we have nothing in common while walking daily to new death with that lie rankling in our breasts. We have *all* things in common, or nature has made a woeful mistake.

We have not learned to fit the parts of our social fabric together but that does not argue that they are not capable of being fitted. It proves nothing but our profound ignorance of the nature the universe and our mission in it.

When we set about finding the real men and real women in our midst, we will recognize a kinship now undreamed of. We will "fall upon each others neck," and weep out all our homesick, lonesome tears. The child will find its mother, and the mother find her child. Husband and wife, sister and brother, father and son, will stand clothed in the great glory which hallows a soul which was lost and is found. The great barrier between us has been that we have regarded each other as lost souls to be redeemed by our special method, when the truth is we would have harmonized perfectly if effort had been made to understand the others real intent and purpose. We must try to span these imaginary gulfs; we must ask questions; we must venture opinions. We must present real situations, and not dress everything to fit our individual beliefs. Nature stands her creations side by side; each proclaiming its own identity; each reveling in the beauty of the other, its own enhanced by contrast through all the years of change from spring to winter, and winter unto spring. One need of the hour is that tolerance of each other, and honesty with ourselves and the world, that will make all things clear, all paths straight, and added to this the courage to speak honest convictions. These will lead us toward the perfect life we seek.

CORA A. MORSE.



MOTHER'S GREETING.

CORA A. MORSE.

The spirit of motherhood rose up within me and said, "Seek all the world's children and make them your own." I pondered long in the silence, trying to discover the full import of the command which fell like a new burden upon a heart already too heavily burdened. It was Thanksgiving morning, a bright, buoyant California morning, a fresh breeze stirred the pepper and magnolia trees, flowers nodded their greeting, green carpets spread everywhere before my vision, in the distance the dim mountains lifted their stately heads, the swish of the Pacific waters broke the silence. overhead the stars were yet shining, not a cloud was visible, the streets were deserted, there was no sign of life in all the world but the living, growing, moving things in nature which the fifth days creation witnessed before the advent of man. My soul felt it all. Hastily dressing I sought the quiet of the nearest park where God's message might more easily penetrate the counsciousness. "Make all the world's children your own," said the trees; "make all earth's children your own," whispered the flowers; "make them your own," murmured the sea; "your own," twinkled the stars; "yours," reiterated the mountains; "adopt them all," waved the grass; "stand by them," said the rock; eusphere and succor them," pleaded the earth; "feed my lambs," said the inner voice, and through tears that were falling now my soul replied, "Show me the way!" Then a gnarled old tree against

which I was leaning said, "Look at *me;* I am misshapen and part of my limbs are dead, but in my heart the life of God is flowing, because of this you do not hate me." The flowers sang in one great chorus, "Through diversity we express unity." The grass lay bare its soul and I read thereon, "I feed the cattle, they feed you, and God lives through us all." The morning sun sent his first beams over the mountains and into the sea, proclaiming through his innate power, "I am the light of the world." People now began to fill the streets; such people as I had never seen before. My now alert understanding discovered in them the thread of life that binds the universe together. Just as the diversities of creation ending at the fifth day are all mine through a law of natural inheritance, so the diversities of the sixth day's creation are my own by the law of spiritual unity. Perceiving this, my mother soul has thankfully and gratefully adopted all the world's children as my own. The more gnarled and undeveloped they are, the more they need me; the more pitiful the story of their evolution, the more patient must be the bearing; the greater the departure from the light which is true wisdom, the more earnest and persistent must be the teacher; the more timid and retiring, the more encouragement must they have. For the woes they are carrying, the greater must be the heart sympathy. Then came the thought of the message department. And now, dear children, since I have come to you with this message of love and paternal interest, will you not respond and help me to get acquainted with the family? Bring to this department the things that hurt or hinder you, the things that inspire or discourage you, the things you wish to do for others, and that you wish them to do for you. Tell us how everything seems to you and how it ought to seem. Perhaps if you do you will be as glad that you have been adoptod as I am to adopt you. Perhaps when we have learned all the lessons there are to learn by this interchange of thought, we shall forget that we did not always recognize a true relationship. Perhaps the Dominion of Love and Justice will come before we are aware of it, and if it does we will not need to inaugurate its coming with a feast of physical things, but each will result in the reign of Fraternity, Unity and Liberty.

We will rest in the joy and full fruition of peace, within and without, and this will be something to be thankful for' won't it? That Thanksgiving day will last through all the year, and reach the world around; God will set the seal of finished creation upon it, won't he? And that is what we are living for, isn't it?

SONG OF THE CARBON.

The universal physical law of molecular vibration is finely illustrated in the carbon pencils of the electric arc light used in some of the largest lighthouses. The molecular stir set up in the armatures of the dynamo machine by rapid magnetism and demagnetism is transmitted to the carbon points of the lantern and reappears as a distinct musical tone:

A weird sweet melody faint and far,
A humming murmur, a rhythmic ring,
Floats down the tower from where the lenses are—
Can you hear the song the carbons sing?

Millions of æons have rolled away
In the grand chorale where the stars rehearse
Since the note so sweet in our song to-day
Was struck in the chord of the universe.

The vast vibration went floating on
Through the diapason of space and time,
'Till the impulse swelled to a deeper tone
And mellowed and thrilled with a fairer rhyme.

Backward and forward the atoms go
In the surging tide of the sounding sea
Whose billows from nowhere to nowhere flow,
As they break on the sands of eternity.

Through all the courts of the endless all,
In the ages to come as in ages gone,
We feel but the throb of the mystic thrall
Which binds responsive the whole in one;
We feel but the pulse of that viewless hand
Which ever has been and still shall be,
In the stellar orb and grain of sand,
Through Nature's endless paternity.

The smile which plays in the maiden's glance,
Or stirs in the beat of the insect's wing,
Is of kin to the north lights' spectre dance
Or the dazzling zone of the planet's ring.

From our lonely tower aloft in air,
With the breezes around us tranquil and free,
When the storm rock pales in the lightning's glare,
Or the starlight sleeps in the sleeping sea,

We send our greetings through breathless space
To our distant cousins the nebulae,
And catch its comet's misty trace
But a drifting leaf from the tribal tree.

The song we hum is but one faint sound
In the hymn which echoes from pole to pole,
Which fills the dome of creation's round
And catches its key from the oversoul.

When it ceases all life shall fail;
Time's metronome shall arrested stand;
All voices be voiceless; the stars turn pale,
And the great conductor shall drop his wand.

—Springfield Republican.



COMMENTS AND EXTRACTS

EXPLANITORY.

THE attention of our readers is called to the different departments in the magazine, where opportunity is offered for expression of opinion on matters concerning human weal. In the Message Department we hope to encourage those who have never written a thought to the world, to open their hearts and tell us what they feel and what they think about the world they live in. Do not allow the lack of an education to prevent the full and free speech of the soul. We need the things you have to say; we shall be wiser for it. Send in the messages; let them be brief and to the point; never mind the spelling or the punctuation; we want a glimpse of your souls.

The department *Some Needs of the Hour* is also a sort of open court. Thousands are thinking of needful things to do to elevate the condition of the race. Suggestions for the first steps toward the "New Heaven and the New Earth," which seems almost within our reach, will be gratefully received. Send short, concise articles for this department, seeking to give the kernel of the thought rather than to enlarge upon it. We want to get an all-around view of the situation, and to have a different need discussed in each number of the magazine. We do not care who the writers are, if they make their meaning plain. We want writers, however, who are in touch with realities, who have thought of something to do to bring harmony and peace in some special direction, and who know how to present their subjects.

Under the head of "Notes, Comments and Extracts," we have opened a department which ought to become one of the most interesting features of the magazine.

We are under the impression that a people's magazine should give people a chance to help make it all it should be. Everybody who reads the daily papers, the magazines, and latest books, finds something therein which appeals to them more than other things. We want you all to make a business of clipping the things pertaining to life's real issues, together with paragraphs containing deep lessons, and paste the same on paper with such comments as you choose to make or send them to us without comment, thus helping the world along by focalizing the living thoughts which vibrate about us which no *one* person can gather in a lifetime.

Reader this means you. Send us anything that appeals to your heart or to your candid judgment. We want to stand for a moment upon the same ground on which you stand, to see things through your eyes, to feel your mental pulse, to sense your heart-beats. We need you; will you lend us a hand?

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MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

THE *Osteopath*, a monthly published by the Pacific School of Osteopathy, Phillips Block, Los Angeles, Cal. Price $1 per year.

This wide awake magazine publishes the fact to the world that there is a method of cure for all disease without the use of drugs. This is welcome tidings to the afflicted, and we bespeak for them a satisfactory patronage. What next?

The Temple, a monthly, devoted to higher human culture, edited by Paul Tyner, Denver, Colo. Price $1 per year.

This magazine presents each month one subject either in essays or story form dealing with some particular phase of scientific or spiritual thought, which is slowly but surely reconstructing society by developing individuals.

Den Skandinaviske Spiritualisten, published by Miss Carrie Swenson, 248 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Price 50c a year.

This paper is published in the Scandinavian language and is endeavoring to light the pathway from earth to heaven.

"THROUGH THE INVISIBLE," a love story, by Paul Tyner.
"THE TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS," by F. B. Dowd.



THE SECRET OF LIFE, or Harmonic Vibration, by Francis King, is the euphonious title of a little book just published. The subject matter is arranged into a series of three studies and twelve lessons. It contains over two hundred exercises, the purpose of which the author says is to develop the triune nature of man through the five mediums of expression in the objective world. If it will accomplish what the writer claims, it is certainly a most commendable work. "The magnetic and electrical forces of the body," says the author, "proceed from the Creator and is the radiating impulse back of all motion, being the principle of life manifested throughout the universe, through which man must rise from animalism to Godhood." His theories are largely based upon the laws of vibration now attracting so much attention in the scientific world. He lays great stress upon the power of concentration and emphasizes the fact that the voice can be trained to represent perfectly the bodily form of the thought or mental pictures. The "Triune Study" deals with the "Law of Prosperity," "Thought Transference," and the art of "Retaining the Vital forces by Retreat." He also lays down what he calls a law of "Divine Marriage," and while we confess that is a bit boggy to our materialistic consciousness, many pronounce it his master-piece. One great virtue apparent throughout is its conciseness, and for that reason will recommend itself. It is a book well adapted to both teacher and student, and is destined to become a helping hand in every home as soon as its real merits are known. It is in cloth binding and sells for $2.00. Can be obtained at this office or at the book-stores.

CORA A. MORSE.

"MOTHER SOUL," by Laura M. Smith, M. D., published by Hartwell, Mitchell, & Willis, 107 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Price 50c.

It may seem to some of our readers who have not seen this booklet that we must be exaggerating, but we are not when we declare that it shows a higher tide-mark of fresh poetic genius than has been reached for many and many a day on either the Pacific or the Atlantic Coast. When Dr. Smith's precious booklet, "My Soul and Winters," appeared, Prof. Barnes of Stanford University asked if the Pacific Coast had not produced a new poet, and Prof. Griggs of the same University, and perhaps the keenest critic of the West, declared that in felicity of phrase, embodying the very soul of human experience, the poems did not fall short of a work of genius. That is high praise from Prof. Griggs, but in this her second effort the poet reaches a distinctly higher note. She still holds a pen that touches the mother love and the baby soul with the delicacy of a pearl, and voices such a profundity of insight and depth of soul as if the broad Pacific was whispering its secrets in the pearl. In freedom from rhyme and rigor of thought it reminds us of Whitman, but it is no echo. A fresh, independent mother soul throbs in every line. It sings the song of the mother coming, of the mother's secret, of the baby's smile, of the empty mother heart that broods child love over the world, of the modern Madonna, of the cradle that is void, of the vinegar in the throat, of the little baby's hand upon the bosom where angels go to pray. Every mother, every woman, every man ought to have these poems. They show what womanhood is. The cover is as unique as beautiful, being made of wood shavings from the hinoki tree of Japan, and little leaves of poems of the baby are enfolded in the mother leaves as the babe in the mother life. The booklet thus brings us the dantiest creation of the holiday season and the deepest, most perfect breathings of a matchless Western woman's soul. It can be obtained at this office or at any book-store.

W. D. P. Bliss.

"THE LIVING CHRIST," an exposition of the immortality of man in soul and body, by Paul Tyner.

"YOSEMITE AS I SAW IT,"

By Dr. Cora A. Morse,

Is the title of a little souvenier of 46 pages, beautifully illustrated, which is made up of letters written while in the valley. Her descriptive talent must be known to be appreciated. No reader will be disappointed in it either from a literary or artistic point of view. Following are some of the press notices which speak for themselves:—

"The writer of 'Yosemite as I Saw It' has shown herself possessed of the appreciation necessary to catch the inspiration from those lofty peaks and lovely waters, and the gift of language to make us understand their sublimity."—*S. F. Call.*

"The author is in touch with nature and feelingly portrays scenes of interest to every person having the slightest fancy for mountain sculpture.—*S. F. Report.*"

"This unique and able effort is a worthy assistant in portraying the magnitude of Yosemite in that it appeals to the perceptive as well as the visual, and supplies a need long felt by tourists who desire to preserve a fitting tribute to this masterpiece of the physical universe."—*S. F. Bulletin.*

"Dr. Morse has tempered the natural pleasures of her visit to Yosemite with a religion of thought that filters through the beauty of her lines like sunlight through the stained windows' holy picture, where lights and shades are as the varied emotions of the heart."—*S. F. Town Talk.*

"Dr. Morse's charming description of the enchanting scenery will certainly arouse in all who read it the desire to visit this world-renowned spot."—*World's Advance Thought.*

"Dr. Morse has given us a rare glimpse of all the celebrated points in Yosemite. In choicest language she paints each scene upon the mind with the touch of an artist whose brush is guided by a soul full of admiration of the scene she portrays."—*Western Monthly L. A.*

"This volume is a good substitute for an inspiration to an actual visit to this rare picture gallery of nature and audience chamber of God —*Metaphysical Magazine, Chicago.*

"With the artist's eye and poet's soul, Dr. Morse describes the scenes witnessed, painting word pictures of the wonderful visions."—*Albany, N. Y. News.*

"From title page to tail piece the book is original, brightly written and fascinating as a fairy story. The writer is a quick, keen observer, with a well-developed sense of humor enlivening her recital, which none can be blind to."—*New Unity, Chicago.*

"You have caught the true inspiration of the home of the Gods."—*H. J. Ostrander, Y. C., Merced, Cal.*

"Your book has intensified my love and admiration for the valley, and strengthened my purpose as one of the commissioners for its management, to expend every effort in my power for its protection, preservation and advancement.—*Miles Wallace, Madera, Cal.*

The price of the book is within the reach of all. It is in unique binding and is a fit ornament for any table. It will make a fine Christmas present for friends.

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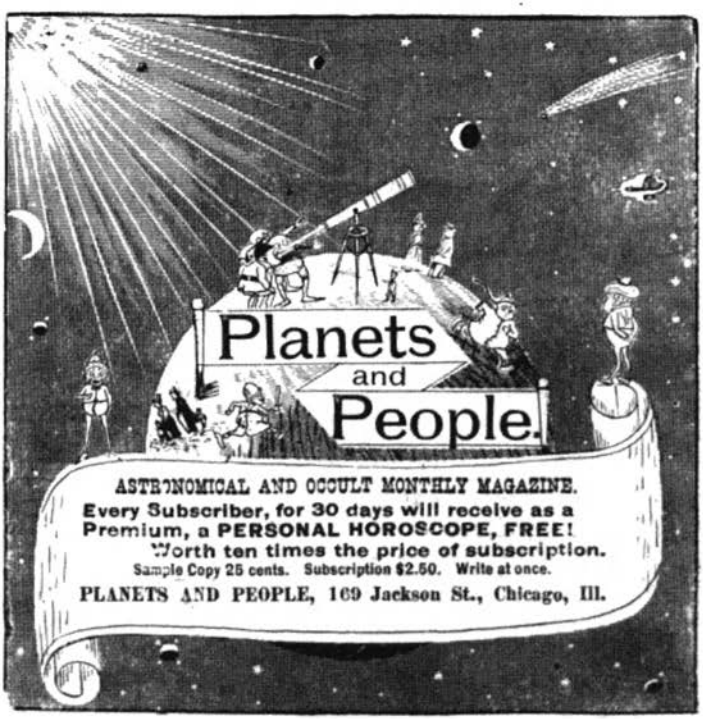
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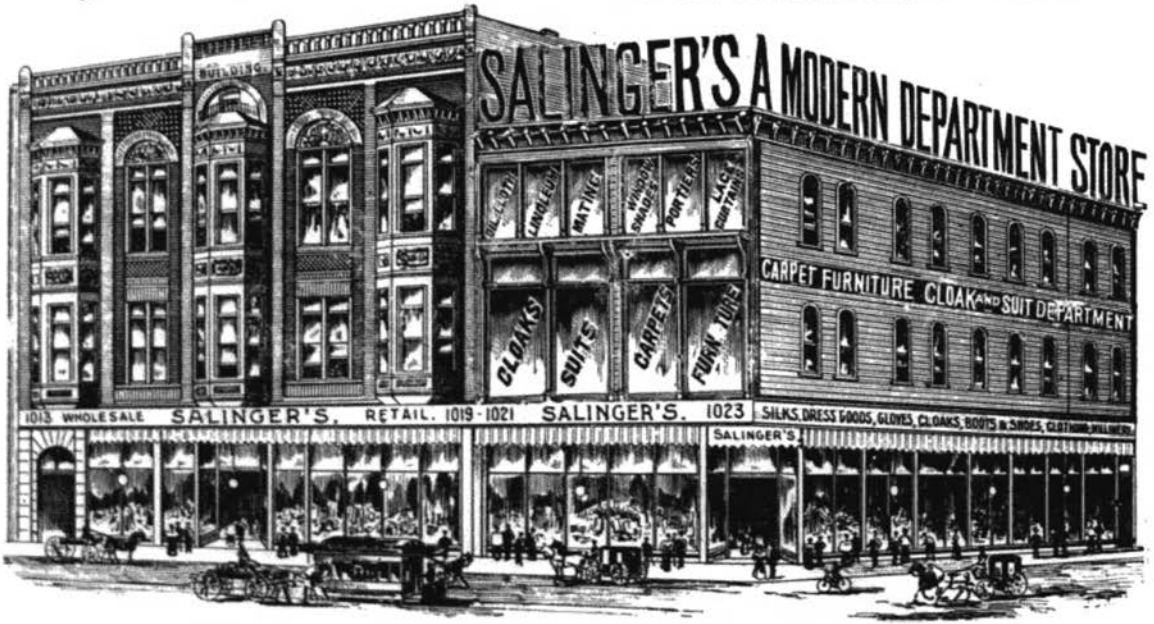
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